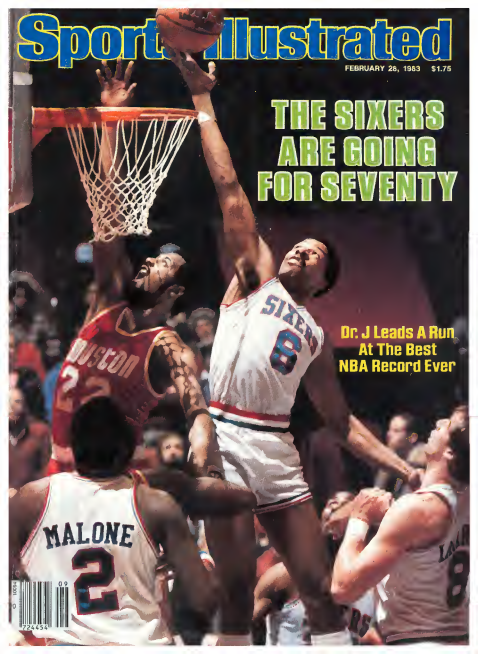


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FEB. 26, 1983 / Volume 58, No. 9

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HERE'S WHY HERSCHEL WALKER SHOULD BE MOVED TO QUARTERBACK

For the fourth time in as many years, Herschel Walker kept the football world holding its breath over which uniform he would don the following season. In 1980 he agonized over his choice of college, waiting until nearly the end of his senior year in high school before settling on Georgia. In 1981, after considering a three-year, \$1.5 million offer to play in the Canadian Football League, he handed out a typed statement saying he would return to Georgia for his sophomore season. In 1982 he threatened to seek the right to play in the NFL by mounting a court challenge to that league's prohibition against drafting undergraduates, but then held a press conference to say he would remain at Georgia for his junior year. Last week Walker huddled in Athens, Ga. with J. Walter Duncan, the owner of the New Jersey Generals of the U.S. Football League, about the possibility of playing for the Generals. Once again the Dawgs won out. Walker emerged from the talks to announce at a press conference (right) that he would stay at Georgia for his senior year.

But that didn't quite end uncertainty over Walker's athletic future. Under NCAA rules, college athletes, on their own or with the help of advisers, may field or even seek out offers from professional teams to determine their worth in the marketplace, but they forfeit their college eligibility if they sign a contract or enter into full give-and-take negotiations with pro teams. Although both Walker and his lawyer, Jack Manton, denied that anything had transpired that would jeopardize Walker's NCAA eligibility, *The Boston Globe's* Will McDonough reported that Walker had signed a three-year, \$5 million contract to play with the Generals. McDonough also said that after walking around the Georgia campus, Walker returned to the motel where he'd been meeting with Duncan to call the deal off.

If Walker had indeed put his name on—and had stuck by—the deal reported by the *Globe*, it would have been the most lucrative pro contract ever for an athlete coming out of college and the richest ever for any football player. Whatever the facts concerning the signing of a contract, Walker had obviously come close to bolting to the USFL. What's also clear is that he initiated the dealings with the Generals. On Walker's instructions, Manton had gotten in touch with Duncan, who arrived in Athens by private jet Wednesday night to meet with Walker. Talks continued on Thursday, and at 10:30 that night three members of the Generals—former Saints Quarterback Bobby Scott, former Bills Defensive Back Keith Moody and rookie Offensive Lineman Wayne Harris—were stationed by a telephone at the team's training camp in Orlando, Fla. for a possible call from Walker, who

had reportedly expressed curiosity about the team's personnel. The call never came. The meetings in Athens continued until the wee hours on Friday, and a press conference was called for 3 p.m. that day, at which time Walker was to announce his plans. One indication that something big was brewing was that Walker's parents had driven over from Wrightsville, Ga. to be on hand. Another was the departure of Generals Coach Chuck Fairbanks from Orlando for the team's headquarters at New Jersey's Meadowlands sports complex, where, according to some reports, Walker was to be introduced to the New York press as the USFL's proud new acquisition. Instead, Walker announced in Athens that

he was staying at Georgia, adding that he never received a concrete offer from Duncan and "never saw a contract."

Was Walker telling the truth? We may never know. Noting that Georgia had faithfully come forward in the past with details of Walker's dealings with pro football suitors, an NCAA spokesman said he assumed it would do the same this time. Meanwhile, he said, the NCAA had no plans to investigate whether Walker had jeopardized his eligibility. This was probably just as well. Given the gross abuses that some colleges and athletes have committed in recent years, the mere signing and tearing up of a contract no longer seems all that terrible an infraction.

Still, Walker's image as college football's golden boy may have lost a little of its luster as the result of his dealings with the Generals. This latest misadventure with yet another pro team adds to a sus-

picion that he likes to play games with the media. At his press conference, Walker said he had met with the Generals because "they had heard a lot of rumors that I wanted to play professional ball," an odd statement in view of the fact that it was he who approached the Generals. Asked what his fiancée might think of the stir he was causing, Walker said, "I reckon she'd say I'm a person that loves to create excitement." From the way Walker orchestrated last week's excitement, Georgia Coach Vince Dooley may want to consider switching him to quarterback.

But it must be remembered, as Dooley told SI Correspondent Kent Hannon following the press conference, that Walker is still "only 20" and that he has grown accustomed to an awful lot of attention for one of such tender years. Dooley was naturally relieved that Walker decided to remain at Georgia, and the rest of college football and the NFL also had cause to cheer the decision, because if Walker had joined up with the USFL, it might have triggered an explosive bidding war between the two pro football leagues over underclassmen. That would have been truly exciting.



continued

LOOKING AT THE EPA

President Reagan complained at his press conference last week that the constitutional confrontation between the Environmental Protection Agency and Congress had obscured the EPA's "splendid record." Credit the President with at least focusing on the right issue. What is ultimately involved in the continuing uproar over the EPA isn't executive privilege or separation of powers but the agency's success—or lack of it—an carrying out the mission implied by its name, i.e., protecting the environment.

By deeply slashing the EPA's budget and staff, the Administration has, in fact, severely curtailed the agency's ability to enforce environmental law. The EPA has been especially lax in discharging its obligation to clean up the toxic-waste dumps that threaten public health throughout the U.S., and it was this laxity—plus the Administration's refusal to cooperate with attempts by various House committees to monitor the agency's cleanup program—that brought about the confrontation between the White House and Congress. When EPA Administrator Ann Gorsuch refused to turn over documents subpoenaed by one of the committees, she was cited for contempt of Congress. The possibility that some of those documents have subsequently been destroyed has only deepened the showdown.

At the heart of the dispute is the \$1.6 billion "Superfund" that Congress created in the waning days of the Carter Administration for dealing with hazardous wastes. Although the fund's purpose was to provide for speedy cleanups, it was only two months ago, well after Congress had begun formal inquiries into the EPA's flagrant foot dragging, that the Administration got around to specifying 418 of the nation's approximately 14,000 abandoned toxic-waste sites as having "national priority" for EPA action; so far only six of those sites have been cleaned up. Rita Lavelle, who was fired by the White House as the director of the EPA's toxic-waste program two weeks ago, had explained that the EPA was moving slowly because "this time it will be done right."

But the EPA hasn't done the job right at all. A draft audit by EPA Inspector General Matthew N. Novick, made public last week, indicated that the agency couldn't account for \$53.6 million of the \$180 million it supposedly spent on the hazardous-waste program last year, a

failure that critics promptly attributed to mismanagement. There have also been charges that the EPA delayed cleanups for political reasons and was soft in dealing with polluters. The EPA's defense against this last charge has been that it can best accomplish cleanups by "non-confrontational" means. When SI 15 months ago asked for an example of results achieved by this approach (SCORECARD, Nov. 16, 1981), the EPA cited its role in persuading a paint company to agree to help clean up a chemical-waste site near Los Angeles. However, the company actually consented only after a lawsuit was brought against it by California authorities. Jawboning alone clearly wasn't working: 36 other parties that the EPA had notified as "responsible" for the toxic-waste site hadn't even responded to the agency.

In considering the EPA's reluctance to get tough with polluters, it helps to review the background of its top officials. In a letter last week to *The Washington Post*, National Audubon Society President Russell Peterson, a former Republican governor of Delaware and head of the President's Council on Environmental Quality in the Nixon and Ford administrations, cited the composition of the EPA hierarchy as evidence that "the federal regulatory apparatus has been taken over by those it was designed to regulate." The agency's chief of staff, John E. Daniel, was formerly a lobbyist for Johns-Manville Corporation, a manufacturer of asbestos. Kathleen M. Bennett, assistant administrator for air, noise and radiation, was a lobbyist for Crown Zellerbach Corporation, a paper manufacturer. Robert M. Perry, general counsel responsible for EPA enforcement, was an Exxon lawyer. And Lavelle was employed by Aerojet General Corporation, which both the EPA and California officials have branded as one of that state's worst dumpers of toxic wastes.

Lavelle was sacked by the White House after it appeared that perjury charges might be brought against her in connection with testimony she gave to a House subcommittee. But efforts by the Administration to put distance between itself and her weren't convincing. Although both Lavelle and the Administration disavowed it, a controversial memorandum drafted by one of her assistants describing "the business community" as "the primary constituents of this Administration" seems, given the EPA's kid-

gloves treatment of industry polluters, only too accurate. Then there was the suggestion last week by the EPA's ethics officer, Don Nantkes, that Lavelle may have breached the agency's ethical standards by letting representatives of various chemical companies pay for her dinners at some of Washington's tinner restaurants. But it's unlikely that a \$67,200-a-year administrator could be "bought" for a few meals. The real question, one the EPA hasn't addressed, is why its top officials generally—not just Lavelle—have seemed less inclined to break bread with representatives of environmental and other public-interest groups than with chemical industry executives. That's not the only puzzling aspect of the developing EPA story. Another is how the President, in view of all this, could possibly describe the agency's record as "splendid."

O.K.?

It was announced last week that ABC Video Enterprises and ESPN have formed an enterprise called Reserved Seat Video Productions—to be known as RSVP—so handle the marketing of pay-TV and closed-circuit rights for a big Don King-promoted heavyweight boxing doubleheader on May 20. The program would match unbeaten WBC champion Larry Holmes against Tim Witherspoon and rematch WBA champion Michael Dokes and the man he knocked out in 63 seconds of the first round last December, Mike Weaver. Having consulted both boxing and alphabet experts, we're going with the favorites, Holmes and Dokes, and predicting that this marriage of ABC, ESPN, RSVP, WBC and WBA will produce two TKOs.

EMBATTLED BOBBY

Once again, Bobby Knight finds himself the center of controversy. This time the uproar includes demands that Knight be dismissed as the U.S. Olympic basketball coach for 1984. The calls for the Indiana coach's laurel-wreathed scalp were prompted by a "joke" that Knight told on Oct. 29 while speaking at a banquet for hospital employees in Gary, Ind. The master of ceremonies said kiddingly that he was giving Knight a one-way ticket to Puerto Rico. Knight replied, also in jest, that when he boarded a plane to leave San Juan after the 1979 Pan American

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Games, "I stood up, unzipped my pants, lowered my shorts and placed my bare ass on the window. That's the last thing I wanted these people to see of me."

Unfortunately for Knight, a Puerto Rican journalist was present at the dinner and wrote about the incident for the Hispanic Link News Service, touching off a storm of protest. Subsequently, Knight's ouster as U.S. Olympic coach has been demanded by *The Washington Post*, columnist George Vecsey of *The New York Times* (who wrote that Knight should be sacked unless he apologized), Hispanic members of the U.S. Congress and Puerto Rican Governor Carlos Romero Barcelo, who has twice written the U.S. Olympic Committee to object to the retention of Knight. Although USOC President William Simon questioned Knight's "judgment" in telling the story, he said that Knight had the committee's "complete support" as Olympic basketball coach.

Knight's indiscretion in Gary refueled a controversy that began during the '79 Pan American Games. Knight coached the U.S. team to the gold medal but not before getting into a scuffle with a San Juan policeman that resulted in Knight's arrest on misdemeanor assault charges. Although U.S. players, assistant coaches and team officials who witnessed the incident attested that the policeman was the one at fault, Knight didn't help his image when he criticized Puerto Rican justice and said of local fans who later booed him, "— 'em — 'em all. . . . The only — thing they know how to do is grow bananas." Knight left Puerto Rico and didn't return to stand trial. He was convicted in absentia and sentenced to a \$500 fine and six months in jail. Puerto Rico regards him as a fugitive.

Having hitherto remained mum on the subject of the calls for his dismissal, an obviously shaken Knight last week spoke about the matter with several members of the media, including SI's Jack McCallum. The Gary banquet, Knight said, wasn't the only occasion on which he had spun his moon-over-Puerto Rico tale—another was a banquet on Nov. 5, 1981 in Columbus, Ind.—and he said the joke was a "throwaway" line he used in dealing with the ribbing he has taken about Puerto Rico for the past three years.

"Look, if you knew how many times Puerto Rico has been brought up in public since the Pan Am Games, you wouldn't believe it," he told McCallum.

"I've been the roaster and the roasted and a banquet speaker hundreds of times since then, and Puerto Rico always comes up. Everyone from President Ford to my wife has gotten on me about Puerto Rico. I'm at a golf tournament and Chi Chi Rodriguez comes up and starts kidding me about it. At dinners everyone mentions Puerto Rico to me. I've heard it 300, 500, a thousand different ways."

Last week Knight apologized for the joke and added, "I have no problem with Puerto Rico in general, only with those certain people," apparently meaning the authorities with whom he had his legal problems in San Juan. Knight also pointed out that after the Pan Am Games he wrote Barcelo an apology for his behavior in San Juan, but he said that the governor never replied, a fact that Barcelo confirmed.

The joke Knight chose to tell in Gary and elsewhere came as yet another reminder that the Hoosier coach, who insists on total discipline on the part of his players, is himself disconcertingly undisciplined. It can be argued that so tempestuous a figure should never have been selected as Olympic coach; ideally, that man should be something of a diplomat. Yet with last week's apology, Knight was acting, at least for the moment, very much the diplomat. It should also be noted that although his remarks in Gary were tasteless and insensitive, Knight evidently intended them to be taken in good fun. Of course, there are only so many times that Knight can be given the benefit of the doubt, and close friends have accordingly urged him to mend his manners between now and next year's Games in L.A. He would do well to heed their counsel, because even if he survives the latest imbroglio, another serious misstep will almost certainly cost him his Olympic job.

SUPER SUNDAY AND MIGHTY MONDAY

People who like to figure out their social calendars well in advance should note that the next presidential inauguration will take place on Jan. 20, 1985, the same day that Super Bowl XIX is scheduled to be played in Palo Alto, Calif. The inauguration date is mandated by the 20th Amendment to the Constitution, which provides that presidential terms begin at noon on Jan. 20. As for the Super Bowl, the NFL arrived at a Jan. 20 date by deciding that Sept. 1, 1984 sounded right

for opening the season and letting the schedule run its usual course after that. If the NFL follows the example of this year's Super Bowl, also played on the West Coast, the kickoff on Jan. 20 would be at 6 p.m. E.S.T., or just about the time that supporters of the newly sworn-in President, whoever that might be, would be working themselves into the proper frame of mind for the evening's inaugural balls.

How could the Washington crowd possibly tear itself away from the tube to go dancing? How could ABC-TV, which will be telecasting the Super Bowl for the first time and will naturally want to do it right, come up with enough cameramen to cover the big doings in both Palo Alto and Washington? How can the American public keep from going into a dither over two such spectacles on the same day?

Not to worry. The date of a U.S. presidential inauguration has fallen on a Sunday five times in history, and on each occasion the public ceremonies were switched to Monday. The most recent such occasion was in 1957, the beginning of Dwight Eisenhower's second term. Ike honored the constitutional requirement by taking the oath of office in a private ceremony in the White House after church on Sunday. Then he repeated the ceremony publicly on the Capitol steps on Monday, which had been designated a legal holiday by a joint resolution of Congress, after which the inaugural parade and four balls were held. It can be assumed that the public observance of the inauguration will be similarly switched to Monday in 1985.

Just so everything's clear, the sequence of events in '85, therefore, will likely be as follows: 1) the private swearing-in of the President, 2) the Super Bowl and 3) the public inauguration celebration. And don't forget 2a), the obligatory phone call that the newly sworn-in President will naturally want to make to the winning Super Bowl coach.

THEY SAID IT

● Stewart Granger, Villanova guard and a Brooklyn native, during a recent bout with the flu: "My throat is so bad that my mother thinks I've been speaking a new Philadelphia language."

● Del Harris, Houston Rocket coach, criticizing a rival team: "Denver doesn't run any plays. That's why they're hard for us to defend."

END

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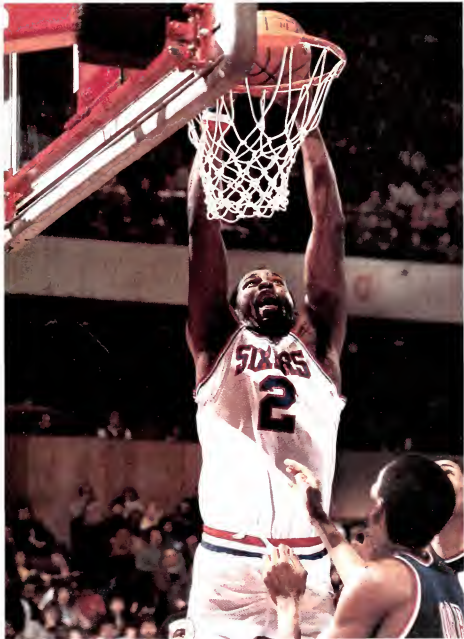
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This May Be One For The Books

With Julius Erving and Moses Malone starring, the 76ers are writing a new kind of Philadelphia story

by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

Julius Winfield Erving II stepped out into the sunlight from his car, removed his wire-rim glasses and squinted for a moment, letting his eyes—he has recently become slightly nearsighted—adjust to the glare. Looking down, he took the hand of Julius Winfield Erving III, and they headed toward the loading docks, where meat and produce were being carried onto dozens of heavy trucks that were standing shoulder to shoulder. Dr. J, a few days away from his 33rd birthday, and 8-year-old J had nearly reached the door of Norm and Lou's Restaurant when a big rig rumbled by and bleated noisily at them with its air horn. As the truck slowly rolled off toward Potters Ave. in South Philadelphia, the driver hit his horn again and leaned out the window. "This is your year, Doc," he yelled, nearly squashing a Toyota as he did so. "Don't disappoint us again. This year the Sixers go all the way." He didn't say, "... or else," but he might as well have.

The playoff woes that have befallen the 76ers in recent years are a frequent topic of sour discussion in Philadelphia, and as Erving sipped a cherry Coke in the diner he asked, "Why is it that with us people always dwell on the past? That's where the interest genuinely is with our team, in talking about our past [failures] instead of what we've accomplished. We've taken so much crap that's unwarranted."

continued

Malone is the dominating center the Sixers haven't had since Chamberlain skipped town back in 1968.

It's nevertheless true that three times in the past six years—1977, 1980 and 1982—Philadelphia has made it to the NBA's championship series only to be beaten in six games each time. The Sixers' regular-season record since 1977-78 has been the best in the league (327-136), and yet year after year the big prize has eluded them. "Somewhere along the line something always broke down," says Los Angeles Coach Pat Riley, whose Lakers handed the Sixers their most recent disappointment in the championship finals.

By last week, however, the question wasn't whether the 76ers were past tense but whether they would be future perfect. By defeating Denver by 21 points, Houston by 29 and New York by 15—in the process holding the Nuggets and Knicks each to just 38 points in the first half—Philadelphia ran its record through Sunday to 46-7, far and away the best in the league this season, and one that puts them on a collision course with history. No NBA team has ever won 70 games during the regular season, and the 76ers have an excellent shot at doing just that. The best regular-season record was achieved by the 1971-72 Lakers (who were also 46-7 after 53 games). They won 33 in a row and finished 69-13, surpassing the previous best record, 68-13, of the 1966-67 Sixers. Both teams went on to win championships.

Although these 76ers would have to play at a seemingly torrid .828 pace in their remaining 29 games to finish with 70 victories, that would actually represent a slight decline from Philly's present .868 clip. In the unlikely event that the Sixers collapse and become just another .500 team for the rest of the season, they would still finish with 60 wins, two more than they had last year. Moreover, the Sixers have an almost unheard-of 22-5 road record, including an astounding 11-1 against Western Conference teams. They've beaten the champion Lakers twice and have yet to lose two straight games; no team has ever gone through an entire season without losing two in a row. And the Celtics, in other years the 76ers' chief tormentors in the Atlantic Division, lay seven games back, a diminishing speck in Philadelphia's wake.

Surely the 76ers would not be so dominant this season had they not beaten Boston for the Eastern Conference champi-



Toney, Philly's erstwhile shooting specialist, has taken a fancy to passing fancy.

onship in '82, after blowing a 3-1 lead in that series. Philly lost Game 5 at Boston and was embarrassed in the second half of Game 6 at home, where they were roundly booed. "I think the seventh game in Boston [which the 76ers won 120-106] helped us," reserve Guard Clint Richardson says in colossal understatement. "After the sixth, practically everybody had given up on us, and we had nowhere to go but to each other. It was a bad feeling and it hurt us, but it made the guys who were involved in that situation a lot closer."

In the championship series against Los Angeles, it was readily evident that although brotherhood is a virtue, a big man

who can rebound is even better. Sixers owner Harold Katz decided to go after Houston's league MVP center, Moses Malone, who was a free agent, and when he got Malone for the tidy sum of \$13.2 million for six years, the 76ers had the dominating center they'd lacked since Wilt Chamberlain was traded in 1968.

Malone, who led the league in rebounding last year (14.7 a game) and was second in scoring (31.1 points a game), quickly proved that he could also make the quick outlet pass necessary to trigger the Sixers' running game, get out and run on the break himself and close down the middle defensively with an occasional blocked shot. And, oh, how he can go to

the boards. Last season Philadelphia's so-called Twin Towers combination of Darryl Dawkins and Caldwell Jones had a total of 232 offensive rebounds. This year Malone got his 232nd in Philadelphia's 40th game, on Jan. 23 in Milwaukee, and he leads the league in rebounding for the third consecutive season, with an average at week's end of 15.7 per game. "I've said all along that the big thing about him is his consistency," says Philly Coach Billy Cunningham. "He doesn't have any off nights." True enough. Malone has been limited to fewer than 10 rebounds only once this year; he had six in 28 minutes in

the Sixers' 120-102 victory over Cleveland on Nov. 26.

"When you lose in the finals," Riley says, "it takes a tremendous toll. You lose a little bit of your basketball life. They had a lot of guys who had tasted nothing but the pain, and that's bad. Getting Moses was the best move they could have made. It rejuvenated them. They went out and said, 'With Moses, we're going to win it this year.' You can look at them and see they're more committed."

"When we got Moses our minds changed right away," says Guard Maurice Cheeks, who is having the finest sen-

son of an exemplary career as a playmaker, despite the fact that his assist average has dropped from 8.4 last season to 7.4 through Sunday. "Having him here was an important thing for us psychologically, just as important as what he brings us on the floor. Every time we walk on the court now, we think we're going to win."

As a practical matter, Malone's presence has enabled the Sixers to transform what had been a good running game into an exceptional one. "With Moses we anticipate we're going to get every rebound," Cheeks says. "So we start the break higher. And when we get a step on most teams, we're gone."

The instigator of all this, Malone, who came out of Petersburg (Va.) High in 1974 right into the ABA, has proved that if anyone is worth \$2.2 million a year, it's he. He has averaged 37.5 minutes of playing time a game—he went 56 minutes in a double-overtime victory over Boston on Nov. 6—has massaged the boards and has been a timely scorer. When Cunningham has called on him to do so, Malone has also played power forward, giving new definition to that term while lending the Sixers a little versatility underneath. "It's never easy for Moses," says Moses. "Moses got to get out there every night and work hard."

Malone isn't interested in winning 70 games and then getting smoked in the playoffs. "All we got to do now is play ball and not let up," he says. "Can't take no prisoners. If we win the whole thing, that's a great team. I don't care nothing about breaking no records. Hub?"

One of Malone's greatest admirers is Irv Kosloff, who owned the team from the time of its transfer from Syracuse, in 1963, until 1976 and remains close to the 76er scene. "Moses reminds me a lot of Wilt when we won the title in 1967," Kosloff says. "Wilt hadn't won a title, and he worked hard for it. Moses hasn't won one either, and he works so hard that he makes the other players feel guilty if they don't put out as much effort."

Not everyone was convinced that acquiring Malone was such a bright idea. "I think some of the players questioned some of what we did in the off-season," Cunningham says. "But by December we

continued

Jones is so adept on defense he's capable of blocking shots even with his eyes closed.



had developed a clear personality and our confidence started growing. I think beating some of the better teams helped convince them." Erving, for one, had adopted a "wait and see" attitude when veterans like Dawkins, Caldwell Jones, Lionel Hollins, Mike Bantom and Steve Mix (the Doc's road roommate) were either traded or not signed to make Malone's enormous contract feasible. The Sixers started the season with four less

directly to Los Angeles, which was the Sixers' next stop, Iavaroni drove his car back to the San Diego hotel the team had already checked out of and gave Erving's luggage to the bellman there. The bags were eventually sent to L.A.

Obviously, the Sixers could not depend on Iavaroni to carry all the heavy load at forward, so last week they moved a step closer to the championship by filling one roster vacancy with veteran For-

ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN PLAYING PHILADELPHIA

After 53 games, the Sixers are still on a par with the all-time best

GAMES	10	20	30	40	50	53	TOTAL
1966-67 76ers	9-1	16-2	27-3	37-3	46-4	47-6	66-13
1970-71 Bucks	9-1	17-3	24-6	33-7	41-9	44-8	66-16
1971-72 Lakers	7-3	17-3	27-3	37-3	43-7	46-7	69-13
1972-73 Celtics	10-0	17-3	26-4	33-7	41-6	43-10	68-14
1962-63 76ers	9-1	17-3	25-5	34-6	43-7	46-7	

costly rookies, more than any other team in the league carried, and gambled that the lack of depth on the bench wouldn't hurt. It hasn't. Cunningham even went so far as to put 26-year-old rookie Marc Iavaroni at the starting power forward position, despite the fact that Iavaroni had been bounced from three pro camps after his graduation from Virginia in 1978. He had spent the past four seasons playing in Italy and serving as Virginia's graduate assistant coach, which earned him playing time against Ralph Sampson in scrimmages. When Cunningham gave Iavaroni a chance, he made the most of it, diligently screening the opposition's rebounding forward off the boards so Malone could work in comparative peace.

Iavaroni did have some adjustments to make, most of them mental. On a trip to Atlanta, for instance, Cunningham told the players that the day-of-the-game shootaround would be 10 to 11. Iavaroni showed up at 10 minutes till 11 o'clock.

Besides the youth movement, another concession to Malone's contract is that the 76ers now get around out of town in rental cars, where once they traveled on more costly buses. Iavaroni was charged with the care of Erving's bags one night in San Diego, and when the Doctor was detained by reporters after the game, he instructed Iavaroni to "leave my luggage with the bellman." But instead of driving

ward Reggie Johnson, a 6'9", 205-pounder whom they purchased from Kansas City for a reported \$150,000, and by trading rookie Forward Russ Schoene (and a No. 1 draft pick this year and a No. 2 in '84) to Indiana for backup Center Clemon Johnson (and a No. 3 pick in 1984). "I was ecstatic with the first part of the season," Cunningham said following the deals, "but we wanted to make ourselves stronger." Katz was overjoyed to get the two players, although both could be free agents at the end of the season. "I know Billy doesn't like to hear this kind of talk," Katz said, "but I believe this is the best team we've ever had in Philly, maybe the best team ever."

Katz has another reason to be pleased. The Sixers are doing *bolfo* business. Though they have been an artistic success since Erving's arrival in 1976, they've been a financial failure. Attendance in 1980-81 had fallen to 11,448 a game, and though it increased to 12,362 last season, the 76ers still lost money. So the team raised ticket prices—a hefty 45% on the average. Although one can still get a seat for \$6 (up from \$5), the top ticket went from \$11 to \$16 and, taking a cue from the Lakers, the Sixers moved press row from the sidelines to behind one basket and installed a VIP row at \$50 a seat. Nonetheless, as a result of the Sixers' superlative record, attendance



In a neat reverse, floor inader Cheeks



blasts in for a layup against the Rockets.

has scored 25%, to a league-leading average of 15,229 a game. What's more, ticket revenue has zoomed by 72%.

But success has added a new problem. "We're expected to win every night," Assistant General Manager John Nash says. "Some people say there are only a couple of teams that can provide us with competition, so why come out? But that's a marketing problem."

If the Sixers prove to be the best team ever, they will have earned it. "The aggressiveness we have is consistent every night," says substitute Forward Bobby Jones. "I've never seen a team that had it like this team does. Every night our opponents know what they're going to face for 48 minutes, and we don't let up."

"I think they're a great team, but I think they've been great," said Doug Moe, coach of the Nuggets, after their 116-95 trouncing by Philly last week. "I don't believe that because they haven't won a championship they're failures. I happen to think the regular season is more meaningful than the playoffs. Hell, anybody can get up for the playoffs, but the regular season is a grind. If they win 70, yeah, they're a great team."

Philadelphia probably would have been a better team this season even without the addition of Malone, if for no other reason than the emergence of third-year pro Andrew Toney, formerly just a spectacular shooter, as a complete player. Toney was a substitute most of his first two seasons in Philadelphia; he became a regular in the playoffs last spring when Hollins was injured and he's still starting. Through Sunday he was scoring 19.6 points a game, third on the team behind Malone (24.2) and Erving (22.6), while playing sound defense. He also has learned to hit the open man even when he has a shot he thinks he can make, which is virtually all the time. "He sees things out on the court that other players just don't see," says Erving, who has become something of a mentor to Toney. "Andrew has such strong wrists that he can throw the pass off the dribble, sideways, behind his head, any way. He came into the league

with the shot, but Billy stayed on him and saw to it that Andrew was not a one-dimensional player."

Erving awaits the stretch run with keen interest. "I think we've proved we're a good team, potentially a great one," Erving says. "We're probably hungrier than the Lakers or the Celtics, and that helps. The last time I experienced a championship was in 1976 [with the ABA Nets], and seven seasons is a long drought. Moses hasn't won one ever. Bobby hasn't. Maurice. Andrew. We haven't had the ultimate success, and we've got guys this year who really want it."

"The pain that was suffered, the feeling of having backs turned on us, that's still with this team. But the positive side is carried with us, too. We have the scars, but we also have the glue. I don't feel incomplete or inadequate in any way because I haven't won an NBA championship. I don't lie awake nights and think about it. I know I've given my best to the public, and the rest is really out of my hands. I can accept that."

This year the Doc may not have to accept anything but a championship trophy. Couldn't happen to a nicer guy. **END**

These days in Philly even the mascot can dunk.



The King Was Right, Good Buddy

Cale Yarborough followed two Richard Petty axioms, and at the Daytona 500 blew past Buddy Baker to a car-length victory **by SAM MOSES**

Twenty-one years ago, during the 1962 Daytona 500, Richard Petty discovered—or so goes one of the many Petty legends—drafting, the technique whereby a race car can keep up with a faster one by tailgating it. And the legend has it that King Richard, only 24 and a mere prince then, had another revelation the same afternoon: Two cars running nose-to-tail will always go faster than one car alone. That race was the fourth running of the 500; last Sunday's was the 25th, an occasion on which Buddy Baker tried to prove that things don't always work the way Petty said they did, at least not against his hot '83 Thunderbird. He should have believed Petty. Or maybe he should have listened to Neil Bonnett, who before the race said, "I don't know if there's a car around here strong enough to win from the lead. When you're in the lead you're a sitting duck."

That quick-quick you hear is coming

from the driver's seat of one handsome new T-Bird. And the whoop you hear is that of Cale Yarborough, who, speeded along by Joe Ruttman on his tail, swooped past Baker on the 499th mile to win the race and some \$119,000.

Six days earlier, things had looked fairly grim for Yarborough. He had made Daytona history on the first of two qualifying laps available to him, breaking the 200-mph barrier at 200.503. But near the end of the second lap he spun out, and while sliding sideways around the banking his Chevrolet Monte Carlo became airborne, amazingly and inexplicably, as if some dark magic were at work, Yarborough, a private pilot who dreams of being a fighter jockey, compared his short flight to taking off in a plane. "It all got quiet except for the hum of the engine," he said. When the car came back to earth it was on its roof, and it skidded grindingly by the banking to bounce off the wall and flip right side up before settling on its wheels in the mud at the edge of the track. His backup car, a year-old Pontiac Grand Prix, was sent from Charlotte, N.C., but Yarborough could not claim the pole because the pole-sitter must start the race in the car in which he qualifies.

Three days later, in the second of Thursday's 125-mile races for grid positions three through 30 in the 500, Yarborough finished third and so earned starting spot No. 8, but it got all quiet for two other drivers, Rusty Wallace and Bruce Jacob. In that race Wallace's Buick somersaulted three or four times, depending on who was counting, and he got off with only a strained neck and a mild concussion. For Jacob, the results were far more serious.

When his Pontiac spun coming out of Turn Two in the first race, it slid in the grass along the backstretch before beginning its flight, landing after four nose-to-tail bounces, like a gymnast doing hand-springs, the finale being a full flip against a dirt embankment. The 47-year-old driver from Indianapolis was in a coma and on a respirator when the checkered flag fell Sunday.

Films of the flights were played and re-played in slow and slower motion: The car spins, slides a short distance, and suddenly it rises, two feet, five feet, 10 feet off the ground, lifting gracefully and twisting in the air, like a leaf from the sidewalk on an autumn afternoon. Then the car falls, landing however fate and physics feel like dropping it.

Cars have taken flight before at Daytona. It happened twice in 1981, the first year for the current generation of shorter and narrower, though no lighter, Grand National cars. Most of the drivers and crew chiefs believe that when these cars slide sideways or backwards against the wind, air packs underneath and simply lifts the 3,700-pound machines. If true, something could be done—at least tried—to deflect the air. But no such steps can be taken without the permission of NASCAR, which has yet to address the problem. Says its president, Bill France Jr., "We reviewed it back in '81 the first time it happened, and we didn't come up with any alarming information one way or another. I viewed it more as an isolated situation, and by and large I don't recall any more incidents similar to that until last week."

France nonetheless has a name for this type of crash: the "reverse flip." He lifts a stapler off his desk and traces the movement of his reverse flip—actually more of a sloppy gainer. "There is a plus to that kind of flip," he says. "If you're going to turn over at all, it's a neat way to do it. When it's up like this"—he points the stapler skyward—"the car is like a sail and slows down something spectacular before it lands."

Grand National stock cars are without doubt the safest racing cars in the world. Still, the cynical suggest that NASCAR



Yarborough's last lap driving won him all this—and \$119,000 as well.

surrounds the drivers with armor and lets the crashes fall where they may; that's what keeps the turnstiles spinning. Every seat in the house was sold for the \$500, with an estimated total attendance of 115,000, which would be a record for a stock car race. A crash is the most spectacular thing that can happen at an auto race. It excites people, and it pleases and satisfies them when the driver walks away from it.

Sunday's race began in the usual fashion, furiously, with seven different leaders in the first 20 laps. Then Petty, riding a 41-race losing streak, took over. Moving past his son, Kyle, among others, he drove his Pontiac to a record 193.133-mph average after 40 laps. Considering his reputation for holding back—"the No. 1 sandbagger of all time," Bobby Allison calls him—it seemed as if the King were bent on proving something, and the crowd cheered him on. But on lap 47 his engine blew. He pulled directly into his garage, chugged a small bottle of cough syrup against a lingering cold, climbed out of the car, grinned and announced he would be back.

Recently unretired Dick Brooks inherited the lead and held it on and off until lap 65, when the caution light came on because of oil on the track from Dale Earnhardt's blown engine. NASCAR has a controversial yellow-flag rule: Under the yellow the cars continue to race until they reach the finish line. The rule prevents "hopeless scoring situations," says France. It also invites crashes. When Brooks saw the light as he entered Turn Three, he slowed, for he had nothing to gain by continuing to race hard, but following him was Darrell Waltrip, the NASCAR champion for 1982, one lap down. Waltrip saw the opportunity to unlap himself and kept on charging—right at the trunk of Brooks's Thunderbird. Waltrip braked and swerved to avoid contact, then slid across the track and smacked a retaining wall broadside at better than 100 mph. His Monte Carlo bounced back across the track, was narrowly missed by both Yarborough and Ruttman and finally came to rest on the race track. Waltrip was admitted to Daytona's Halifax Hospital, shaken and temporarily confused, and was kept overnight for observation.

At 250 miles Bonnett and Brooks were

one-two, but their cars would fail, and the strongest remaining were Yarborough's Pontiac, Ruttman's Monte Carlo and Baker's Thunderbird. With 125 miles to go they had been caught by Bill Elliott, a popular Huck Finn of a Georgia boy who has been flirting with a Grand National win for four years. Elliott's year-old Thunderbird was perhaps slower than the three cars ahead of him, but he was using their draft brilliantly. As they went into the last lap the order was Baker, Yarborough, Ruttman and Elliott, but all four drivers wanted to be where Yarborough was: on the tail of the sitting duck.

Baker has a reputation. Some drivers, for example Bobby Allison, are known for their ability to set up a car. Others (Richard Petty) are renowned for their guile, and still others (Waltrip) for their intelligence. Baker is known for his foot. It wasn't that he didn't believe what Petty had discovered 21 years ago; it was just that he couldn't convince his foot.

As they flew down the backstraight on that final lap, Yarborough made the move everyone knew he would make, pulling out of Baker's draft to slingshot past, and Ruttman stayed glued to Yarborough to speed them both up. As they raced through turns Three and Four, Baker fought off Ruttman, while Elliott sneaked up on them both on the outside. Between the final turn and the finish line Yarborough gained a car-length lead, and as Baker and Ruttman rubbed car doors, Elliott came alongside. The three finished nearly abreast, Elliott in second by a few feet over Baker, who led Ruttman by a few inches.

Why hadn't Baker tried something, anything? Said Leonard Wood, the owner of his car and his crew chief and a master of strategy, a man who can understand and appreciate a true-blue racer like Baker, "He was trying something—he was just driving his heart out. He wanted to win it so bad. . . ." And Baker said simply, "I did the only thing I could do, run wide open."



Jacobi's Pontiac flew into the air and disintegrated in the course of four shattering bounces that left him in critical condition.

Miles To Go Before They Sleep...

... and a promise to keep in Cleveland. Eamonn Coghlan and Steve Scott raced in San Diego, then flew all night to meet again **by KENNY MOORE**

Eamonn Coghlan (3:50.6) and Steve Scott (3:51.8) are the two fastest indoor milers in history. They hadn't met indoors for two years, but last Friday, as the gun sounded to begin the mile at the Michelob Invitational track meet in San Diego's Sports Arena, just one look was all it took to make it clear that this race would produce no new record. Scott eyed Coghlan. Coghlan glanced at Scott. "And we kind of walked off the line," said Scott. Pacesetter Joe Fabris cleared out on his way to a first 440 of 58.5. Coghlan and Scott were last and next to last, respectively, at 60.0.

Todd Harbour of the Santa Monica Track Club was running second, followed by Dr. Thomas Wessinghage, the European 5,000-meter champion, Jay Woods of BYU, Scott and Coghlan. Passing the 880 mark in 1:58.2, the bearded Fabris had 30 yards on this remarkably timid field. "I tried not to entertain thoughts of running away with the race," Fabris said. "I knew they'd be coming back at me."

They weren't yet. Woods went to second. Behind him Scott ran carefully, keeping his attention fixed on his right flank, from where any Coghlan move would have to come. For his part, Coghlan seemed in a kinesthetic trance, absorbed in the rhythm of Scott's heels.

Woods led them past Fabris at the

three-quarters in 2:59.0. Scott, his eagerness showing, ran too close to Woods and caught a spike in his right shin. He didn't feel it. He didn't hear the split called. He didn't care about it. This was not a race for fast times. This was for honor.

Two years ago Scott had lost in San Diego to Coghlan's world-record performance, but had gone on in the ensuing outdoor seasons to become the most accomplished U.S. miler since Jim Ryun. His American-record 3:47.69 last summer in Oslo was a third of a second off Sebastian Coe's world standard. His career has been a ratchet; now 26, he has improved his best mile or 1,500 every year since high school. In 1982 he won 16 of 17 races against the best in the world. Where once he had been the brave front-runner who was cut down by the kick of a Coe or Ovett or Coghlan, now he was a complete racer, with a killing finish of his own. He would not let Coghlan drop him back to the old days without a violent struggle.

Coghlan's last two years, unlike Scott's, had been filled with repeated, devastating loss. His college coach, Jumbo Elliott of Villanova, died of a heart attack in 1981, a month after Coghlan set his record. "Jumbo not only made sure I had a good education, he let me break into my true potential," says Eamonn. "If not for him, I mightn't be running today.





I might've reached a comfortable level in Ireland and settled for that."

Coghlan won the World Cup 5,000 in 1981, but soon thereafter suffered a stress fracture of his right shin. He didn't run indoors at all in 1982. When the bone had knitted and he began to train again, there was a new pain in his left heel. Nothing he tried eased the pain in his Achilles tendon. He had to surrender his outdoor season as well.

On May 4, 1982, Coghlan's Irish coach, Gerry Farnan, who had guided him since he was a child, died. Coghlan says, "If I'd won the gold [He was fourth in the 1976 Olympic 1,500 and fourth again in the 1980 5,000. Thus, the number of the day of Farnan's death did not escape him], all of Ireland would have won. But when I lost, it was just Gerry and me who had to hear how badly I'd done. He was a quiet man, never claiming credit. At his funeral there were a thousand people, hundreds of them kids he'd affected."

Coghlan, who's now 30, will never have another coach. "Gerry was the guy I went to for pity, for motivation, for confidence," he says. "That can't be replaced, that taking of a man into the deepest of your confidence."

In the summer of 1982, Wessinghage suggested that Coghlan visit a clinic in West Germany. "They reached the same diagnosis my doctor in New Jersey, Dave Thomashow, had," says Coghlan, "that scar tissue in the tendon had hardened during the layoff for the stress fracture. But they did a kind of radiation treatment, like X-ray therapy. Within three days there was no pain."

Coghlan gradually returned to full training, with the born runner's gratitude. "Every day I have loved my running," he says. "When I won the Sunkist mile in January in 3:55.4 with a strong finish, I knew I was back."

In January Coghlan's father, William, came over from Dublin to visit Eamonn at his Rye, N.Y. home for a couple of weeks. The elder Coghlan, a vital, im-

continued

Coghlan's explosive burst on the last lap in San Diego was reminiscent of '81 for Scott.

mensely likable man, was for years the president of the Irish Amateur Athletic Federation. On Super Bowl weekend, William went to a party with Eamonn and his wife, Yvonne, and both father and son contracted indigestion from Mexican food. "Monday he timed my workout at Manhattan College," recalls Eamonn. "It was the first time in his life he had done that."

On Monday night, Coghlan left his father watching TV with Yvonne and went to bed early. In the morning, departing for his usual five-mile run, he sent his daughter, Suzanne, to check her grandfather's bedroom. She returned, saying, "He's fast asleep."

"Normally he's the first one up," says

Eamonn. "When I got back from my run, he still was in bed. Then I sensed something was wrong. I went up to him. He did look like he was having a pleasant sleep. There was a gentle smile on his face. When I touched him I knew he was dead."

Eamonn had come west across the Atlantic for Elliott's funeral and crossed to Ireland for Farnan's. Now he had to take the body of his father, who had died of a heart attack, home. "My tunnel vision, my concentration on running was shattered," he says. "I felt I had to explain somehow why he had died while with me, I felt guilty, as though if I hadn't taken him away to the States, he'd still be here. My mother said, 'This is the way he would want to go, having seen you back running well.' That was true. And it had been my father who helped me accept Gerry Farnan's loss, saying what a great good fortune it was to have such a friend for so long. That helped me in turn to accept his own going, even though he was so alive he was the last one you'd expect. Once over the initial grief, I felt if I could get through one hard race with the feel of the boards under my feet, the hungry attitude would come back."

Coghlan had expected that occasion to be the U.S. Olympic Invitational in New Jersey two weeks ago, but when it was postponed because of a snowstorm, he had to wait for San Diego.

Scott took over from Woods with 350 yards to go. Coghlan reacted at once, and they shot away from the field. "I knew it would be hard to get around him," said Coghlan later. "I respect him as much as I do Coe, off what he did last year. So I

used the curve—going high and sprinting down the straight—with one lap left and really went."

He blasted past powerfully, shocking Scott, and built his margin to 12 yards at the finish. His time was 3:53.1, so his last 440 was about 53.8. Scott ran 3:54.5. Past the line, Coghlan pressed his hands to his head "in amazement. To win like that, against Steve, after a year away, is worth a world record."

There were records set at this traditionally strong meet, but none was accompanied by the depth of emotion that Coghlan lent to his performance. Indeed, Evelyn Ashford, who cut her 50-yard world record to 5.74 from the 5.77 she set a month ago, seemed almost blasé. "I'm stronger, so my start is better, so the records keep coming," she said. "But I mostly came out here for the Grand Prix points." To which, at the end of the season, Mobil will affix a financial reward.

Doug Padilla came from Provo, Utah to go after his own U.S. indoor two-mile record. Last year he had been 4:11 at the mile and blazed home in 8:16.8. This time the mile was a 4:10, but the fast start had tired him. With a quarter left, he needed a 58.4. He produced a 58.1, for a clocking of 8:16.5. He'd clearly given everything. "I guess I'm not quite where I was hoping I was," he said warily, but these achievements are astonishing for one who trains so little. "Thirty miles a week," he said. "Mondays are relaxed, recovering from weekend races, and by Wednesday I'm already cutting down."

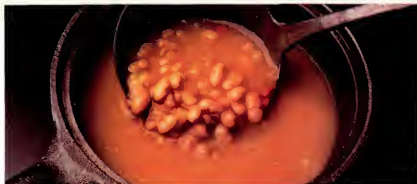
By contrast, there can be no more robust soul than Carl Lewis. The indoor sprint (6.02 for the 60 yards) and long jump (28' 1") world-record holder was supremely animated in San Diego, but he faced a dilemma. If he jumped from a board far enough from the pit to give him a safe landing, his approach run would have to begin up on the sloping curve of the track. If he fit the whole run on the runway, he had to jump from a board so close to the pit that a record jump would likely drop him onto the elbowing packs of photographers who dog his every move. "But a run from a slope is just too unpredictable," he said. He asked to jump from the closer takeoff board. His fourth jump was 27' 9½", and he couldn't have gone 28 without cracking his heels into the wooden frame of the pit. So he jumped 27' 9½" again, sand-blasting the lenses of the photographers one more time. Asked if a natural, though

continued



Coghlan tried for 40 winks at the San Diego ticket counter. Later, Scott got his Zs on the floor between flights in Chicago.





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perhaps subconscious, concern for his life had prevented him from really uncoiling one, Lewis correctly replied, "Well, if it was subconscious, how would I know about it?" Then he said he was so excited by his form that he would double in the jump and sprint in this week's TAC Championships in New York City.

In that spirit, Scott and Coghlan jogged to their hotel for fast showers and were on their way to the airport by the time Billy Olson barely dislodged the pole-vault bar with his side, missing a world-record 19' 3/4". The milers had another appointment in Cleveland the following afternoon, a "Dream Mile" organized by the International Management Group and sold to ABC. Never mind that the Coiseum track is notoriously slow, or that Cleveland crowds have never embraced the sport. Or even, as Scott and Coghlan would discover, that you almost can't get to Cleveland from San Diego. No, these are young men who keep their promises.

Even so, Scott was heard to ask in the van to the airport, "Uh, tell me again why we are doing this." Both of them well knew IMG had put up a not-quite-public sum as a winner-take-all incentive. When an ABC man hazarded a guess of \$25,000, Brad Hunt, an IMG agent for runners, reacted as if he'd been bitten. "Oh, no," he said. "It was right around less than half of that, and all done through TAC." Whatever the amount, that meant the money was properly laundered to protect the runners' amateur status.

Scott and Coghlan discussed their children for a while. Then Scott asked about Padilla's race and learned that he'd also broken the American record for 3,000 meters en route. Scott stiffened. "That was my record," he said. They reached their 11:15 p.m. flight at 11:14 and managed a little sleep before alighting in Chicago at 5 a.m., local time. There they dozed on the carpet at the gate where two hours later they would board the plane to Cleveland. "You can't have a dream mile," Coghlan said, yawning, "unless you're asleep."

As they came off the plane in Cleveland, they blinked at bright sun in a chill Ohio sky. Defeating an attempt by their hotel to turn them away, they got rooms and slept for four hours. They met their competition, in the form of New Zealand's John Walker and Ireland's Ray Flynn (who had surpassed Coghlan's

Irish record last summer with 3:49.77), in the lobby on the way to the track. "You look tired, Ray," sang out Coghlan. There was a contest to see who sounded most hale.

The mile was scheduled for 5:30 to suit TV. "We didn't have any choice in setting it up," said Drew Mearns, vice-president of IMG's running division. "ABC people wanted a nice mile. Only Cleveland would move its mile to 5:30."

And yet... In spite of, or maybe because of, all these drawbacks, it was a compelling race. Randy Stephens of Athletic Athletic went out front with purpose

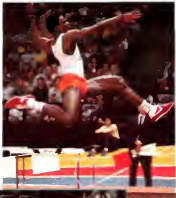


Lewis was in top form when he leaped, but encountered shortcomings upon landing.

and ran 59.9 and 1:59.9 splits that looked even faster because everyone had to work so hard on the incessant banking. There were but three steps of level track on every straightaway. The rest was either climbing into a turn or stumbling out of one. This is Coghlan's meet. He has such a quick, balanced stride that if he isn't careful he will run up on the taller, stiffer men in front of him. Flynn took the lead after the half, going into the second lane out of almost every turn. Scott, feeling tired, ran last. A gap opened between him and the leaders, but he closed it with four laps to go. "That gave me the confidence to be more aggressive," he said. He hit the lead with two to go, Coghlan passed him with 1/2 remaining, yet Scott went to the front again entering the last lap. Coghlan, sprinting, but without the astonishing fury of the night before, drew fractionally ahead on the last turn and then bore in on Scott without enough of

a lead to make such a move. "I didn't do it on purpose," he said later, "even though I was aware it would happen. The bank was so steep, at the speed we were going there was no way I could stay high." Scott threw out an arm, broke stride and lost his momentum. Coghlan roared to a 3:57.23 victory. Jose Abascal of Spain passed Scott for second, 3:58.22 to 3:58.42.

Scott thought Coghlan's excuses were sophistry. "He did that to me a couple of years ago in Ottawa," Scott said. "If this were a real, true, well-officiated meet, it would have been a disqualification. But this is indoors. No one will DQ Eamonn Coghlan." It seemed an unfortunate end to a race that Coghlan probably would have won anyway. But no one, certainly not Scott, would deny that Coghlan was back, hungrier and harder than ever. **END**





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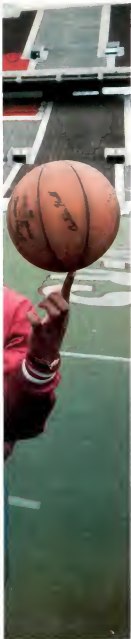
On any Sunday, from the pulpit of Tulsa's Friendship Baptist Church, the Reverend L. L. Tisdale can preach you through to the Lord. On a Monday, when his brow has dried, he'll speak of how he came up from Fort Worth in 1969 to serve the people of Tulsa's hardscrabble North Side. And he'll tell how he returned from a revival in Wichita about 10 years ago with a present for the youngest of his and Deborah Tisdale's six kids. He had a guitar for 9-year-old Wayman.

Today a guitar fits Wayman Tisdale the way a basketball player fits the football-obsessed University of Oklahoma: loosely, like an incongruity with a long neck. But there's a felicitous ring to the phrase: *Wayman Tisdale, country & western star.*

Which would make rednecked Billy Tubbs a down-home impresario. At age 47, in only his third season as coach at Oklahoma, Tubbs has found his ticket to the big time. The Reverend Tisdale's youngest son is 18 now, with a dulcet jump shot and a gutbucket inside game that at week's end had lifted the Sooners to a 19-7 record. When Tubbs was hired he gave himself 20 years to turn Oklahoma into a power. "If I'm not there by the time I'm 65," he said, "I'll give up the slap, baby." With Tisdale, he'll get there a lot sooner, though last weekend Tubbs himself was dealt a temporary setback. While jogging on Sunday morning he suffered a skull fracture when he was hit by a car on a Norman street. As this issue went to press, his condition was listed as fair, and he appeared to be out of danger.

As we'll soon see, Tubbs has always been a survivor. Once released from Oklahoma City's St. Anthony Hospital, he'll be back explaining to anyone who'll listen just how simple basketball can be.





What's Wayman Tisdale, the best freshman, doing at Oklahoma? Helping Coach Billy Tubbs sell hoops in football heaven **by ALEXANDER WOLFF**

A New Breed Of Sooner Boomer

Players should shoot, often and well. "My definition of a good shot is anything that goes in," he says. "Players who can't shoot drive me up the wall because they always wind up open."

The best defense is a good offense. "If I've got guys who can score, I know I can find out a way to stop the other team. But if I can't score, it's devastating sitting there knowing I've still got to stop the other people."

The spectators should get a show. "People in Oklahoma are used to seeing exciting things happen on the football field. We want to fill our arena." As every showman knows, nothing fills a building like a star. Tubbs's arena is 10,871-seat Lloyd Noble Center. His star is Tisdale.

When Bocker T. Washington High ran off with the Oklahoma Class 5-A basketball title two years ago, Wayman threw so many outlet passes to his older brother, William, then a senior, that William was named Tulsa's high school Player of the Year. Now the brothers are roommates, teammates and constant sources

of amusement for each other. William, 6' 4", 210 pounds, impersonates his sociology professor and Dustin Hoffman's Dorothy in *Tootsie*; Wayman, 6' 9", 235 pounds, sends up Richard Nixon and Mr. Magoo's valet Charlie. The brothers study together, eat together and bunk together. "If we flunk, we'll flunk together," says Wayman.

"You scored better against Abilene Christian than you did on that first communications test," says William, teasing.

That's close to the truth, though Wayman is a solid B student. What Wayman did at home against the Wildcats on Dec. 6—specifically to the two ill-fated Abilene Christian players assigned to guard him—was shoot 22 for 27 and score 51 points, an NCAA single-game scoring record for freshmen. His performance also eclipsed Oklahoma's single-game scoring mark of 43 set in 1975 by Alvin Adams, the longtime star of the Phoenix Suns. Tubbs, who recognizes a good opportunity to get a little ink when he sees one, kept Tisdale onstage during the Sooners' 110-61 rout so that he could set the records.

continued

The low left: Wildcat Coach Mike Martin with nothing but his sense of irony. "Tisdale can't play," he said. "He flat-out can't play!"

In fact, Tisdale has been so inept that for most of the season he has been among the top five scorers in the country. At the end of last week he was averaging only 26.3 points per game, on 59.0% shooting. He also was getting 10 rebounds a game, with a high of 18 against Missouri on Feb. 12. But in spite of these accomplishments, he's still only the third-most-celebrated freshman athlete on campus, after Marcus Dupree, the tailback, and Filbert Boyd, the distance runner. By his 17th game Tisdale had already set an Oklahoma season record with seven games of 30 or more points. In three starts during the Sooners' third-place finish in Hawaii's Rainbow Classic, he scored 102 points

and was named MVP of the tournament.

Tisdale has been helped in his fast start by the presence in the Sooners lineup of guards Bo Overton and Chucky Barnett. Forward David Little and high-post man Charles (Big Time) Jones, who were all starters on last year's team that reached the semifinals of the NIT. But there's no question who's the most important player. In the same way that Oklahoma Football Coach Barry Switzer junked the wishbone for the I formation to exploit Dupree's extraordinary ballcarrying ability, Tubbs has throttled back on his pell-mell running game to accommodate Tisdale's post-up talents. And when Tisdale got into foul trouble during the first half of a loss at Missouri last month, Tubbs pulled him out of the game and ordered a freeze. Four senior starters notwithstanding, Tisdale has already become so im-

portant that Tubbs would rather hold the ball than play the Tigers without him. In that same game, the Missouri crowd alternated chants of "Wayman Tisdale, one-man team" with "Billy Tubbs, high school coach."

In his first season, Tisdale may have redefined the term "low post." He prefers playing to the left of the lane with his back to the basket, but that's the extent of his resemblance to classic centers who wheel through the middle with hooks and drives. Tisdale's favorite move is a high-arching, left-handed turnaround jumper he loads up with backspin and gets off in an instant, using the glass if he has an angle. Wayman seems to waylay defenders with the sheer suddenness of the shot, and his upper body is so fissile and capable of contortion that he's uncanny in avoiding the offensive foul.

It's little wonder Tisdale was wooed by just about every basketball power in the country and was selected to virtually every schoolboy All-America team during his final year at Washington High. Conversely, the sneaker company, named him its national Player of the Year. Rolling Stone even ran a photograph of Wayman at home, beaming and bare-chested on his bed with his bass guitar prominent in the background.

But there was never much question that he was going to Norman. He liked the challenge of playing on a football campus, he liked the unpretentious, wise-cracking Tubbs, and, most of all, he liked knowing that his brother would be around. "Yes, we can try to beat around it," Wayman says, "but it was a pretty simple choice with William being here."

Until older brother Weldon took up basketball, the game had no place in the Tisdale household. The Reverend Tisdale favored football. "I thought basketball was for girls," he says. "I didn't know there was so much contact." But Deborah wouldn't let her younger boys play football. Inspired by watching Weldon, William and Wayman set up a garbage can in their backyard, took a hall and began horsing around. Soon they graduated to the macadam of the Immaculate Conception Church schoolyard, a couple of blocks from their home. "I remember when Wayman made his first dunk, in seventh grade," says Weldon, who



Relying on graceful jumpers, Tisdale has averaged 26.3, with a high of 51 points.



It's snow joke that William and Wayman do everything together.

By the time he was a ninth-grader, Wayman had grown to 6' 6". But he tended to tire easily, and other things competed for his time. Deborah wouldn't let her boys out of the house unless they made a full accounting of the status of their homework. And every Sunday Wayman thumped the bass for the gospel ensemble at Friendship Baptist. "Growing up, I wanted to play the bass more than basketball," he says. "Me and some friends had a street band going. We even made up a few songs."

"Right," says William, "like *Baby, You Know I Got That Bottle of Gin in My Closet Since 1969 (So Why You Wanna Give It to Your Drunk-on-Daddy?)*."

Wayman keeps a pebble-grain Bible with his name in gold leaf on the front. "I've got to open it every now and then for him to keep it from getting petrified," says William.

By approaching the game so simply and plying the press with quips, Tubbs obscures his own coaching gifts. "Sometimes when he fusses at us in practice we just have to laugh," says Wayman.

In many ways Tubbs suggests another Oklahoman, Abe Lemons, the former coach at Texas, who also tried to use wit and the fast break to succeed on a football campus. But Tubbs's wit is more gregarious than Lemons', his humor more Socratic. Lemons never needs a straight man; life is his straight man. But Tubbs is at his best with a foil. When his wife, Pat, suggested that he loved basketball more than he loved her, Tubbs said, "Well, I love you more than trick." When told at the press conference announcing his hiring that Georgetown's John Thompson had been offered the job first, he said, "I was my wife's second choice, too. I've been with her 25 years and it's worked out pretty good." (Their daughter, Taylor, is in high school; Tommy is a six-foot junior guard at Oklahoma.)

Tubbs had a boyhood that was equal parts *Tex* and *The Grapes of Wrath*. Two years after he was born, in St. Louis

during the depths of the Depression, his father, Oscar, died and his mother, Bessie, moved with her two boys to Fort Smith, Ark. While she supported them as best she could—sewing and housecleaning at first, and later working as *pair* in a farmhouse—Billy romped around Fort Smith with brother Wayne, eight years his senior, whom he called Buzz.

Buzz and his friends would go swimming in the "stap pits," precipitous holes from which coal had been mined, and goad little Billy into jumping in. They would play baseball in a cow pasture adjacent to Route 22, an artery that, in the days shortly before World War II, was swollen with military traffic running between town and Fort Chaffee. Buzz always tied Billy to a fence post to keep him from wandering out onto the highway. When Bessie had scamped enough to buy Buzz a used bicycle, it served as the family car. There would always be a place for Buzz's kid brother atop the rear fender.

One summer day in 1941 Buzz wanted to go home, but Billy evidently didn't and simply jumped off the back of the bike after Buzz put him on. Buzz retrieved him, mounted him on the handlebars, where he could be held, and set off again. As they coasted down a long hill, Billy got his foot tangled in the spokes of the front wheel. There was a bad fall, and Buzz still remembers seeing Billy's right ankle bone through the torn, bloodied skin. "Maybe I just resent authority," says Billy. "That's why I'm ornery with officials today. I like sticking my foot in their spokes."

"I was scared to death he'd lose that foot," says Wayne, who works as a production control manager for American Airlines in Tulsa and who last week stood vigil by his brother's bedside. He spent that summer nursing Billy, changing bandages and soothing flies away. Bessie got a job at the local cleaners, and in 1945 the Army sent Buzz to the Philippines. When Bessie's boss had to close down his establishment in Fort Smith, he made her night manager of his laundry in Tulsa. Billy sometimes slept in a bin of clothes while she worked. But Bessie had a heart problem she refused to acknowledge, and in 1949, when Billy was in the eighth grade, she collapsed and died.

"Suddenly everything changed in his life," says Wayne, who by then was also living in Tulsa and supporting his own wife and two kids on \$80 an hour. "He didn't know what to do. That's when I grew up." Billy, spurning the offer of

continued

played two years of basketball at Yale before graduating last spring. "He ran all the way home to tell William and me. It turned out he'd dunked a stick."

The Rev. thought basketball was for girls.



Bessie's landlord to adopt and raise him as his own, moved in with Buzz. At the time Billy's only trousers were a pair of jeans. Years later he would tell his wife that, if nothing else, he would always have plenty of clothes because basketball coaches dress well.

"Getting involved in athletics was the best thing to happen to him," Wayne says. "I'd heard stories about him hanging out with the store-porch loafers in Arkansas. He was kind of a street kid, never a bad boy, but he came up tough, and a kid like that can go either way." Today Billy says, only half-jokingly, he'd probably have ended up a gangster if he'd stayed in St. Louis.

He fit in well as a guard on the Tulsa Central High team, a running bunch

calf wrote, and the coach there, O.P. Adams, knew running basketball cold. So Billy brazenly wrote Adams that he could make his team. Adams decided he had to see a kid with that kind of gall.

Tubbs accepted Adams' offer of a make-good scholarship and started at guard for two seasons before moving to Lamar Tech (now Lamar University) in Beaumont. Within two years after graduating from Lamar, he became an assistant there, handling tickets, concessions and the payee, and getting the players and the technicals. "In my spare time," he says, "I ate lunch." The Cardinals finished at better than .500 eight times during the 11 seasons he apprenticed under Jack Martin. When Tubbs left in 1971 to become head coach at Southwestern

Whereas Bliss stubbornly focused his recruiting on Indiana, having served as an assistant under Bobby Knight for four years, Tubbs has been more than satisfied with local kids. He starts two Oklahomans (Tisdale and Overton) and two Texans (Jones and Lingle) with a Hoosier holdover (Barrett). And football's O.K., too. "I never liked to tackle anybody, but I've always liked to watch," says Tubbs. "Football at Oklahoma gets nothing more than it deserves. If we do our job well, we'll get our share. I may envy them, but I'll never resent them."

Shortly after Tubbs' hiring, Switzer literally went out of his way for the new basketball coach. He posed up the OU Club of Tulsa's annual football banquet, flying off to a vacation isle and leaving the dais to Tubbs. That night Tubbs told his audience about a player he'd seen for the first time only three days before, at an amateur tournament in New Orleans. The kid was from right there in Tulsa, and Tubbs had to have him.

Tubbs has said that he puts recruiting before everything, including his family, and Tisdale became as much a surrogate son as NCAA rules would permit. Tubbs saw 25 of Tisdale's games over the next two seasons, reminding him with each appearance, if not by actual contact, of the challenge and nucleus of solid players he'd find awaiting him at Oklahoma. "For us to have any credibility in this state, we had to go out and get Wayman," Tubbs says. "If someone had told me last year I could have any player in the country, Wayman's the player I'd have picked."

Never mind that many other coaches, given the same choice, would have picked Tisdale, too. "He was the best player for us," Tubbs says. What others say and think has never counted much with Tubbs. "They said it was a dumb move to stay at Lamar 11 years as an assistant," he says. "They said it was a dumb move to go back there as a head coach. They said it was a dumb move to go to a football school I can't wait to see what my next dumb move is."

The impresario says this with his eye always on the house. "Our crowds aren't as big yet as they will be," he says. "It's what we've said all along: You've got to put players on the floor who'll win, but also capture people's imaginations. Wayman has that charisma."

Reach 'em and teach 'em, son of a preacher man



Years ago, Wayne forged a method to save Billy from playing slow-down basketball.

called the Firehouse Five. For Billy's final varsity season, after he'd moved with Wayne's family just over the city line, Buzz forged rent receipts showing Bessie's old address so Billy could play his senior year at Central. The dreaded alternative was attending the local school, where the coach was a walk-in-up Hank Iba disciple from Oklahoma State.

Meeting the cost of college was out of the question. But Shelby Metcalf, a friend from Tulsa who now coaches at Texas A&M, wrote Billy a letter urging him to look into a two-year school in Jacksonville, Texas. Lon Morris Junior College played a 45-game schedule, Met-

University in Georgetown, Texas, Lamar didn't have another winning season until 1977-78, a year after Tubbs had returned as head coach.

At Lamar he won Southland Conference titles three of the four years he had the head job, bouncing Detroit from the NCAA tournament in 1979 and Weber State and Oregon State the next year. Those wins made Tubbs one of the hottest coaching prospects around. Enter Oklahoma, whose coach, Dave Bliss, had just left for SMU, walking out on a new arena and an ample budget just two years after winning a Big Eight title. He was sick of fighting football.

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VCR

I didn't want to see the press. Not now. Where would those pencil-wielders be lurking? In the lobby? The hotel bar? Not the bar, because the reporters would know that we players weren't allowed in there. On the first day of camp some NFL dropouts had set up there, and that night in his first speech George Allen had told us to get our alcohol elsewhere, for the good of "the club's image." Allen is not only the coach but also a co-owner of the Chicago Blitz, and he wanted us to be the cleanest team in the U.S. Football League.

I walked cautiously down the hallway of the Phoenix Westcourt Hotel toward the front desk to check out. As I turned the corner someone called my name. It was Brian Hewitt of *The Chicago Sun-Times*, standing with another writer. Did I want to join them for dinner? No? "What's up?" Brian asked. "Nothing," I said. "I've retired." They were the first reporters to know I no longer played football.

Of course, Hewitt put it in the next day's paper. Maybe the other writer did, too. It was sports news, after all. So why did I care? Originally I'd planned that when my fling with the Blitz ended, as I knew perforce it would, I was going to get as many reporters as I could into one place, probably by enticing them with vague hints of suspicious goings-on, and then, through tears or clenched teeth or laughter read a lengthy statement announcing my separation from the sport. Why? For fun, for power, for the thrill of exercising that last privilege of the notably failed—the calling of a press conference. But now the feelings of disgrace were too strong, and I didn't want to

continued



A Final Farewell To Football

Once spurned by the Chiefs, an SI writer takes a crack at the USFL—and learns hard truths anew

by RICK TELANDER



I'd felt something similar 11 years before, when Hank Stram, coach of the Kansas City Chiefs, called me into his office. He was tanned and wore a toupee, but I wasn't thinking about that. It was the summer of 1971, and he was putting me on waivers. He had the power—and the ring. K.C. had won the Super Bowl in 1970. I slunk out of camp that night with the other Chiefs' cuts, including my roommate, a safety from Texas who liked to sit on his bed reading Louis L'Amour westerns, chewing Mail Pouch tobacco and spitting into a Taster-Freez cup. We were the used-up, the discarded. "Adios, cowboy," my roommate said. We wanted to be seen by the other players even less than they wanted to see us.

I'd thought about that rejection for years, and it still churns inside. Even though I made my own terms this time—retiring on the fifth day of the Blitz camp, before they could ask me to leave—I couldn't laugh it off. I'd briefly traded hats, writer's for football player's, but it still wasn't easy to get the football hat off.

When the Blitz first came after me last October—and they did come after me, not I them—my wife, Judy, took it as lightly as I did. She wondered if our baby daughter could be the team mascot. "What's a Blitz?" she asked me. "Why not her?"

Allen named the team. Actually, he chose the name from entries sent in by Chicagoans, selecting it because it was "tough, hard-hitting and aggressive, like the team will be." The Blitz logo, which he helped design, looks a little like the emblem that was worn by the SS. Allen is clearly the big name in the USFL, a man with a past in a league without one. His .705 winning percentage for 12 years as an NFL head coach—five with Los Angeles, seven with Washington—is fourth-best in the league's history, better even than Tom Landry's. Yet when Mike McCarthy, the Blitz' director of college scouting, called me and asked me if I wanted to try out for the team, I told him to forget it. I was 33, and I didn't care to entrust what remained of my body to a

coach once described as "Nixon with a whistle." Besides, it was all just a gimmick, wasn't it, a p.r. device? Not really, said Mike. Northwestern, from which I graduated in 1971, was one of the five schools in the Blitz' territory that were protected, from which other USFL teams couldn't sign players. The Blitz was contacting every player from those schools who'd been drafted by the NFL since 1971.

When Mike called again, this time offering me a contract and an invitation to a mini-camp in November, I thought about it hard and then agreed. The challenge of getting in shape, of following through on something this wild appealed to me. Allen was many things I disapproved of, but he was serious about football. I was 6' 1", 192 pounds, the same as in 1971. And I thought of something else. Whatever his flaws, Allen loved veterans.

I began working out in late October. I hadn't let myself fall apart in the



past 11 years, but I hadn't played much football, either. Basketball and jogging and Nautilus work are only tangentially useful to a football player. To be good at a sport, you do the sport.

In a park near my apartment in Evanston, Ill., I ran 40s and backpedaled and made cuts, and as I did my ankles and left knee hurt a bit. I'd come through my earlier football career relatively unscathed, but it was hard to know how time had affected the minor injuries. One thing I felt as I ran was that this wasn't going to be a joke. I had no desire to do a George Plimpton story, to interject myself into a discipline at which I was unskilled just to see how the thing worked. Plimpton could do that, train for a few weeks and then box Archie Moore, for instance, but everybody (particularly Archie) knew that George was there as a journalist, not a jock. I didn't want any kid-glove treatment. I'd played football. I would follow this through, and if I became

an embarrassment, I would simply leave.

Sprinting one cold, rainy afternoon I felt hamstring fibers going. Meat in my right leg was pulling apart. I limped home. This was an odd sensation—new in that I'd never ripped a muscle before, old in that the pain revived memories of past injuries. Football, after all, has to do with a player's accommodation of pain, observing it, validating it somehow. It's different from the pain you get in an accident. Accommodate enough of it and you've accomplished something. Two days later the back of my injured leg turned purple from mid-thigh to upper calf in a bright show of confirmation.

As I healed, people told me how crazy I was. Well, O.K. But something about their attitude bothered me. They all loved to watch pro football, but they didn't respect pro football players. In fact, they thought pro football players were fools. Had the game degenerated to that level, to freak-show status?

I signed, anyway. It was a one-year deal for \$25,000, to be paid if I made the team. Mike signed me up. When I walked into his office he was holding a paper cup near his chest and spitting into it. "I have a disgusting habit," he said right away. "I chew."

I liked Mike. He was in his late 20s, and looked very harassed. "A madhouse," he said. "Why am I signing players? That's what a general manager does."

For Chicago the general manager is 26-year-old Bruce Allen, the coach's son. He also chews, and dips snuff. Ed Buckley, the Blitz' director of pro scouting, smokes immense cigars. Tobacco in its various forms seems to fuel the Blitz' front office—at least when George Allen, an abstainer, and the club president, Dr. Ted Diethrich, a heart specialist, are not

around. The reason so much paperwork fell into McCarthy's lap was that Bruce Allen was often out, pursuing players for his father.

I asked McCarthy for a signing bonus. "We aren't giving them," he said.

I'd negotiated my salary up \$5,000 from the original "about \$20,000" he'd offered. Now I asked for more.

"We don't have the money," he said, almost sadly. "We can't pay like the NFL does."

I thought of my NFL contract negotiations with Siram years ago, an occasion that may have set a standard for player timidity. Siram was surrounded by championship trophies, and I was a terrified eighth-round draft pick. Still, I left his office that day deeply distressed that the paltry figures we were discussing—\$14,000 for the first year—could mean so much to his organization.

McCarthy reached into his desk and pulled out a chart that showed how much the Blitz was paying by position, and \$25,000 for defensive backs was, indeed, top of the line. Some positions, like quarterback, were getting a little more. Of course, there was big dough for star rookies like Trueman Johnson and Tim Wrightman, and for Stan White, an NFL veteran, but the average USFL player wouldn't get any of that.

Later, at camp, I often lined up behind Shafer Suggs, a muscular, 29-year-old strong safety who'd played five years for the New York Jets, the last few in great bitterness. "It was the first contract that did it to me," he told me one day. "I was probably the lowest paid second-round pick in the history of the NFL. I knew it was a bad contract, but I just wanted to play. They knew it, too."

Such laments are almost universal. It's always the same: You get screwed on your first contract, which keeps your salary down for years. Then, by the time you know what's going on, you're damaged goods and they don't need you. "It's a perfect trade-off," the former Dallas Cowboy flanker, Pete Gent, wrote a while ago. Management makes money off the game but gives little of it back to the players in the form of salaries "because deep down we all know they'd do it for free."

It's raining hard at the Logan Correctional Center outside Lincoln, Ill., but George Allen walks through the muck

Going to a prison to recruit talent seemed like a media play, but Allen was serious.

continued



with vigor. Twenty-five people surround him—guards, the warden, writers, cameramen, McCarthy, Blitz public relations chief Kay Schultz and me. I've been given permission to come along.

We walk into a small building at the far end of the prison compound. It is a weight room, and on a bench sits 6-foot, 225-pound Michal Sifford, who's doing 12 years for armed robbery. Sifford, 23, wrote to McCarthy in July asking if he could try out for the Blitz. He would be eligible for work release in January, he said, and he was in great shape. He'd played one year of small-college ball and been named MVP on the Stateville penitentiary team before getting transferred to Logan last year. And he wanted it bad. "Sir," he wrote, "I can dunk a basketball, move like a man 175 pounds. I love football, sir."

"Let's start," says Allen.

Of course, this is for publicity. The story will make the wires, and on a dull sports Thursday in November it'll run in a lot of places, which is good for the Blitz

and the league. But it's also a real tryout. Hungry for any advantage, the Blitz will cover the earth seeking players. Before camp starts the team will have tested more than 3,200 prospects and signed 340—I was the 171st. Allen would die if he passed over someone who then played somewhere else.

Sifford's parents are in the room, having driven 200 miles from their suburban Chicago home. They both smoke, and Mrs. Sifford, an attractive, gray-haired woman, looks nervously out the window at the rain as her son bench-presses 220 pounds 15 times. The parents visit their boy every two weeks, but it's hard to tell how much they miss him. Mike dropped out of college in 1978, fell in with bad people, participated in some robberies, and this is what it's come to. What does a mother think?

"Football weather," says Mrs. Sifford. "I remember always washing grass-stained uniforms after days like today. I remember using too much bleach and putting holes right through Mike's game jerseys."

Sifford has already lifted weights for two hours this morning, not believing that the coach would really come. But he runs his drills in the rain now with no complaints, his blond hair plastered to his scalp. Sifford has quick feet and a massive chest. But he's primitive. His moves are raw and uncoached. He has been locked up for five years, and beaten, stabbed, humiliated. Who can say what he'll be like on the outside?

On the plane back to Chicago, Allen ponders what he has observed. Pleased with the media turnout, Schultz says, "Coach, when they do your life story and Ronald Reagan plays you, this will be an historic moment."

Allen half smiles. "I project him as a linebacker," he says. "The kind of linebacker who, if you don't give him too

many responsibilities and don't make him think too much, but just turn him loose, will disengage the runner from the ball."

It was after, or maybe during, the one-day mini-camp in November at Blitz Park in Des Plaines, Ill. that I first started to feel afraid. My hamstring hadn't quite healed, and I could only perform some of the drills. But I felt I was doing all right, not embarrassing myself. I couldn't run the 40 because of the pull, but my 27-inch vertical leap put me near the middle of the pack. My three consecutive hops totaled 27 feet—not terrific, but I hadn't cheated like a lot of the others.

During the coverage drills, as I stood in line waiting to go against a receiver, I heard noises on another field. The offensive and defensive linemen were over there, going one-on-one against each other, the offensive player protecting a stand-up dummy, the defensive man trying to reach it. It was a normal, if rough, full-contact drill, but they were doing it without pads. The sounds were of bodies slamming together and wild cheering. After a few minutes an ambulance drove slowly down the perimeter road, through the parking lot and onto the field. It picked up a lineman from the drill and left.

A friend of mine named Kerry Reardon called me a few days later. Kerry and I had gone to Kansas City together as defensive backs. He'd made it and played six years for the Chiefs. He wasn't big, just fast. I asked him how badly he thought I could get hurt.

"Bad," he said. "Pretty bad."

Why?

"A lack of talent, and age. Just that hamstring you were mentioning. I pulled mine and it will bother me the rest of my life. I did it on Monday night TV, covering Golden Richards. I was just running across the field when a shotgun blast hit me in the back of the leg. I played another year, but I could never reach down again."

Reardon had been a reserve with the Chiefs until Cornerback Jim Marsals hurt a kidney during a game. Standing next to Marsals in the bathroom at half-time, Reardon saw Marsals passing blood. Reardon immediately began loosening up, knowing his chance had arrived. Near the end of his career Reardon was kneed in the side during a game. He



With bone chips in my ankle, punting wasn't a real kick.

continued

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went to the locker room and stood at a urinal and passed a thimbleful of urine that was black as coal. "I couldn't go on—other drop," he said. He spent the next 10 days in a hospital, nauseated, literally wanting to die.

And yet, "I never worried about getting hurt," Reardon said to me on the phone that day. "Never." And neither, until now, had I.

As I ran my leg back to health, I found I was having doubts. The NFL strike was over and the games were back on TV, and their images were haunting me. It wasn't the violence as much as the way it was dispensed, the way it was accepted—even by its victims. Punt Returner Leon Bright of the Giants, after being nearly decapitated by a vicious cheap shot from the Lions' Leonard Thompson, says he doesn't mind, that "it's part of football." Dolphin Safety Lyle Blackwood, a born-again Christian, says that he and his brother, Glenn, the other Dolphin safety, "never hit people to hurt them. We just like to make people hurt." Does football promote such garbled logic? Only in this game is the head—the center of reasoning—covered with crash-resistant plastic and used as a weapon. Do the pads and armor (and the rules) give a football player too much freedom—the freedom to commit unreasonable violence?

Even quarterbacks are getting in on it. I watched Dan Fouts get flagged for unnecessary roughness—for spearing an opponent, for burying his helmet into a downed, helpless player. I don't think I ever cheap-shot anybody when I played, though there were times, I know, when things got murky. If players begin to embrace those moments of murkiness, to revel in them, isn't there something wrong with them?

I came in from a run and sat down to watch the Lions play the Vikings on TV. Ahmad Rashad was running a crossing pattern. The moment the ball arrived, Detroit Cornerback James Hunter hit Rashad in the back, helmet first, brutally but legally, the way defensive backs are taught. Rashad, who suffered a broken bone (a transverse process) in his back, had to be carried off the field. A few series later, Hunter hit Minnesota Receiver Sam McCullum on a sideline pattern. The tackle was the same—head-first and reckless—but this time it was Hunter who did not get up. A stretcher was brought out, and doctors cautiously slid



I got beaten so badly on a bomb, the receiver could've run all the way to Mexico.

it under Hunter. His helmet was left on his head and taped securely to the stretcher. Four days later I read that the Lions' doctors had told Hunter to retire or risk permanent spinal damage. Rashad, though less seriously injured, had already decided to call it quits.

We eat breakfast at 5:30 and then climb onto a school bus for the ride to the Arizona Heart Institute, where we'll take our physicals. Training camp has begun. No matter that this is a Sunday, we're on Allen Time. There aren't any Blitz veterans here, nobody to make somebody else stand up and sing his school's fight song. Cliques haven't formed; nobody knows anybody.

I sit down in the dark next to a small, bearded black man. The only sounds on the bus come from the seat in front of us. A player wearing earphones is bouncing, snapping his fingers, singing high, happy disco. A ball of wadded newspaper hits him in the head, but he keeps on. That must be a wide receiver, I think. Later, I

found out it was Marcus Anderson, a receiver who'd been with the Chicago Bears in 1981.

The player beside me sighs. He's looking at the landscape beneath purple desert sky. "This I know," he says. "I should not be a farmer." Several miles go by. "I'm Roland Lawrence," he says, extending his hand. "Nice to meet you."

Lawrence played eight years of cornerback for the Atlanta Falcons. He's 31 years old, trying to make a comeback from a torn hamstring that kept him on injured reserve for the entire 1981 season. Like most everyone else here, except the rookies, Lawrence is damaged goods, a football suspect. I am reminded for a moment of Australia, which was settled by British convicts and outcasts. This could be a bus to Australia, I think, plowing into a dark and barren new land.

"I never stretched much," Lawrence says after a while. "One night I was playing Ping-Pong with my girl friend's father, and I could feel the muscle ready to go. It went during practice. Up high, near

continued

my butt. What position do you play?"

"Safety, maybe some punting," I say. "I don't know how I'll do. I just wanted to try again."

The bus swerves around a bend. Lawrence nods in understanding. "Hey," he says, "you'll never know unless you shake the stick."

Cornerback Dennis Bishop, a rookie from Illinois, sits across the aisle. He got two interceptions in the recent Liberty Bowl game and feels good about that. Sturdy, somber and a little bit cocky, he seems to have the proper personality for a defensive back. I notice his Liberty Bowl watch, a stylish thing with no numbers on its face. "I bet it's hard to tell time with that," I say.

"I can tell time with it," he replies.

In other seats are Bob Fletcher, a 27-year-old kicker-punter from Canada, and Don Schwartz, a 27-year-old safety who was cut by the St. Louis Cardinals in the middle of last season after four years in the NFL. Fletcher is amusing because he ends half his sentences with "eh" and sounds like one of the McKenzie Brothers of the Great White North. Schwartz is reserved, polite and a trifle glum. He gave up a new job in real estate in Seattle to try out with the Blitz. If he makes the team, his wife will have to leave her job as a designer for a Seattle ski-wear company. I tell him that I've probably watched him play on TV. "I'm nobody," he assures me.

As we wait in line for our physicals, we talk. Isn't it weird to be on a team that's never played a game? What are the other teams like? Won't it be bad for the league if one team is much better than the others? Is the money for our salaries really there? Truaine Johnson says he has heard that the Blitz must average 23,500 tickets per game to break even. Other players nod, some apprehensively.

The results of the physical exams hold no surprises for most players. But for me they do. I have 20/15 vision, which is nice. But X rays of my ankles show that both are debris-laden and arthritic. I can't point my toe properly when I punt because a bone chip is in the way. My left knee hurts because it's loose. There is, says the doctor, "creptation" under the kneecap.

What he means is that I'm getting old, reaping a delayed harvest. It's too late to wonder if football has been worth it.

At our first team dinner the players are

introduced to the Blitz staff. Dr. Diethrich stands behind the microphone and tells us how he has "wanted to win" his whole life. After dinner and a few words from Allen, we separate by position for meetings with our respective coaches. The defensive backs crowd into a conference room with too few chairs. There are 18 of us, and as Secondary Coach Dick Walker looks us over, he shakes his head and says, "Men, we're only keeping seven or eight of you."

The players glance at one another. A lot of them had believed that the level of skill in the USFL would be little more than semi-pro and that they, even with their limited dossiers, would fear it apart. I'd thought that, too, way back. Then I realized there are more football players in America than 10 new leagues could handle.

Everything suddenly takes on new importance. Who can appear to be the most alert? The coach lectures about technique and then glances at Dennis Bishop. "Bishop ran a 4.42 in the 40 today," he says. "He's got great potential, but he doesn't look at the quarterback through the receiver. And his footwork is lousy. . . ." Bishop sits ramrod-straight in his chair, trying to be worthy of this new praise.

At the end of the meeting Walker picks up two bananas and holds them like guns. "Men," he says, "these are the greatest source of potassium there is."

It seemed that every time I ran into Bishop after that, he was carrying a banana.

At our first full-scale practice at Glendale Community College, everyone spontaneously claps and whistles. A circle slowly forms around Allen as the din increases. He lets it build, smiling in response. The outburst is in honor of the occasion, in the belief that this is, as the coach has so often stated, a great moment in sport, a great moment for everybody.

The novelty fades, though, to be replaced by the familiar rhythms of all training camps—wake-up calls, tapings, showers, meals, meetings. The two-a-day practices are bearable. We have read that other USFL teams in their Arizona and Florida training camps are already into heavy contact, but Allen keeps us in helmets and shorts. No pads. "We're professionals," he tells us, meaning the emphasis at this stage is on subtleties, not on head-knocking. The coaches are looking



for quick feet, soft hands and the like. It's assumed that all 85 of us, even the lockers, will hit.

Very quickly leaders emerge, and in the secondary they are the veteran cornerbacks Virgil Livers and Rolland Lawrence. Both are 5'9", stocky, talkative and frayed at the edges. Between them they have played in 186 NFL games. I like Lawrence particularly. I need the winks and nods he gives me, because I'm screwing up. In the recognition drills I'm sometimes unable to find the strong back in time to make my formation calls. In the footwork drills I feel unsteady, and my ankles hurt with every cut. In the tip drills, those crucial exercises that teach you how to turn deflections and overthrows into interceptions, I miss balls that you don't have to catch, but "you damn well better," as Walker says.

My partner in the buddy drills is Cornerback Henry Williams, 5'11", 195 pounds, one NFL year with the Oakland Raiders. We face off for form tackling and pop each other firmly, but carefully. Henry, I know, has his own problems. In



Walker, who coached the defensive backs, was mighty quick on the draw with bananas.

November he'd been washing dishes at home when a plate broke and sliced his right wrist, severing muscle, tendons, nerves, artery. Williams had about three minutes to save himself, and he did so by bending his hand so far forward his right palm nearly touched his forearm, stanching the blood. "I just didn't think it was my time to go," he tells me. But now his right hand is very weak and it distracts him. He'll be among the first defensive backs out.

Before and after practices I work on my kicking with the other punters, Scott Turner and Fletcher. Thanks to the chip in my right ankle, the sweet spot on the bridge of my foot has been reduced to postage-stamp size. Without a perfect drop, I spray balls wildly.

"You're kicking well for just using your leg," says Fletcher one afternoon. "But you aren't getting your body into it, eh? Your left foot doesn't leave the ground."

We kick a few balls, and Fletcher looks pensive. "I don't mean to be telling you what to do," he says. "You tell me if you

see I'm doing something wrong, eh?" We kick a few more. "I'll shut up if you want," he says.

But I don't want him to shut up. I don't want anybody to shut up. David Mays, D.D.S., a 33-year-old black quarterback from Texas Southern, comes over to punt with us. Mays left a successful dental practice in Los Angeles to try out with the Blitz. I go down to field his punts, which are quirky and hard to catch. This, I finally realize, is because he kicks left-footed. Oddly, he's a righty when he throws. "Which hand do you drill teeth with?" I yell from 40 yards away. Dr. Mays raises both arms.

The talk and the people are what make a pro camp. I even begin to look forward to Allen's

lectures after dinner. With a blackboard and his boys instead of reporters and a skeptical public, the iron man grows human. He becomes somebody to trust, a player's friend. Indeed, every Blitz player I've talked with has cited the chance to play under Allen as his major reason for signing with the team.

For me, though, the bottom line right now is covering people. For a strong safety, that means tight ends. I line up on Marc May, out of Purdue, shading him to the outside. May runs straight at me, fakes left, then right, and is gone. He gathers in a 50-yarder with which he could have run to Mexico.

It's Wrightman's turn. An All-American tight end at UCLA last year, Wrightman was the first college star to hook up with the new league. He jilted the Bears for money and George Allen. Tall and muscular, Wrightman is tricky but not fast, the kind of receiver I used to prefer to cover. I watch as he confers with the quarterback. You just can't keep running long patterns in football, and so I prepare for something other than a bomb.

Wrightman runs straight at me. He fakes once and then puts his head down. He is going long. I wheel and am instantly reminded of those terrible dreams I have, in which I must run through sand. Wrightman is a step ahead of me, but the ball is overthrown. We both turn and jog back to our lines. Now, for the first time, I feel something new—anger. Just smug and run him deep, is that it? God, I wish you could've seen me 12 years ago.

I sit at the lunch table, dreaming. Rock Richmond, a cornerback, sits across from me. Rock is skinny, tiny almost. On the field, his helmet rides sort of sideways on his head. "Don't worry, I'll get bigger cheek pads," he tells concerned teammates. But he doesn't.

Rock has been in numerous NFL camps. He's going to enroll in the Los Angeles Police Academy if things don't go his way this time. Rock injured his shoulder diving in practice, and it prevents him from sleeping well now. He sighs. "It's so hard," he says. "Over and over, from the bottom. I was 19th-string in high school, just like I am here. Actually, fifth-string. Then one day the first two corners went to play offense. The fourth-string corner quit, and the third-string corner missed practice. Suddenly ... first team."

The lunchroom is empty now, except for the two of us. The afternoon bus to the stadium leaves in less than an hour, and it's too late to do anything but just sit here. God knows why Rock plays football. God knows why anyone does.

Rock tests his sore shoulder and then yawns. "I'm tired," he says. "If I went to sleep now, the season would be over when I woke up."

I quit that afternoon. I told Walker and Allen I was leaving and thanked them for their patience. My legs hurt, and I was beginning to embarrass myself. One thing I did before I left was to find out where Michal Sifford was. He was in a work-release program, said Kay Schultz. Under the terms of the program he couldn't leave Illinois, which ruled out training camp and away games. Allen was thinking about putting Sifford on something called the "developmental squad," however. For the future.

Already I missed the guys, but I intended to sink out of Phoenix the way I had out of K.C., under cover of darkness, like a criminal—the way I felt.

A fleet of flying Dutchmen

by Sarah Pileggi

Hundreds of Holland's best raced on the rumpled ice of a Vermont lake

The Dutch invaded northern Vermont last week, but some of the citizens of Newport, a faded summer resort on the Canadian border, viewed them more as liberators. "This is the biggest thing that ever happened in Newport," said a dentist as he gazed wonderingly out onto frozen Lake Memphremagog, seeing it with new eyes.

The lake, a 30-mile-long ribbon that links Newport at the south end with Magog, Quebec at the north, is Newport's *raison d'être*. Its shores are dotted with summer houses, boarded up at this time of year, and in July it's the scene of the town's single civic adventure, the Aquafest. But in winter the lake becomes the property of weekend ice fishermen and snowmobilers. Even the local children, in the main, go elsewhere for fun.

For the Dutch, to whom skating is as natural as walking—but whose canals, probably because of the warming effect of air pollution, no longer can be counted on to freeze every year—Lake Memphremagog with its average ice depth of 16 inches, even in this mild winter, was worth a trip across the Atlantic. Hundreds of them came to Vermont to perpetuate the modern-day version of a two-century-old Dutch tradition, the Elfstedentocht, or Eleven Cities Tour, a 200-kilometer (120-mile) endurance race whose winners are national heroes. "All you get is a medal and a trophy if you win, but your fame is until you die," said Aart Koopmans, a member of the volunteer organization that runs the event.

Nobody invented the Elfstedentocht, it just grew from a regional custom, first noted 220 years ago, to an organized competition on the canals of Friesland, Holland's northernmost province, beginning in 1909. From that year forward, whenever the ice allowed, thousands of Dutch skaters would submit themselves to the worst that nature could provide, while thousands more cheered them from the banks of the canals. Schools and factories were closed, and even the armed forces were given two days off. As

Queen Juliana presented the winner his trophy in 1963, the last year the race was held in Holland, the ice on which she stood threatened to give way under the weight of the numbers who wanted to be near the winner. Of the 10,227 who started that year, 577 were serious racers, and of those, only 58 finished. Two skaters died later of exposure, and a third barely survived. In 1929, an especially hard winter, the winner lost his frost-bitten big toe to amputation the day after the race. At his insistence, his descendants kept the toe in a jar for half a century.

The Elfstedentocht is a staggering test of both speed and endurance, but endurance is what wins it, and endurance is the quality the Dutch admire most. The lore of this beloved event is grisly, but the reverence the Dutch feel, not just for the winners but for anyone who has finished, is abiding. Even those who have failed nobly are esteemed—the man with a dislocated shoulder who begged for a string to tie his arm behind his back, the people with frozen corns who have had to be led out of the dark. "You have to die three times to win," they say.

One of this year's entries, a wiry 47-year-old architect from Havelte in the north of Holland, Jan Roelof Kruijthof (pronounced KRAU-toff), had won eight of the last nine Eleven Cities marathons, but all of his victories had been won on foreign ice. After 1963, as the years of waiting for ice in Holland stretched to a decade, an Alternative Eleven Cities Tour Foundation was formed to find ice elsewhere. First Norway was chosen, then Finland and finally, last week, North America. Kruijthof won again by skating Jos Niessen, a 29-year-old carpenter from Heemskerk, into mental and physical submission on the rough, fissured ice of Lake Memphremagog, covering the

120 miles in six hours, 58 minutes. As Kruijthof's skates clattered and scraped at the crusted, uneven surface of the lake, his face below his goggles turned gray with frost in the 5° air and his dark-blue racing suit turned darker with sweat, but his grim, determined expression never changed. He fell, as everyone does, when the long blades of his skates jammed in almost invisible cracks in the ice, but he scrambled each time to right himself and recover the time lost.

Kruijthof started the race slowly. The 700 racers in the Elfstedentocht (540 Dutchmen and 160 "others") crossed the starting line at 7 a.m., just after sunrise. By 9:25 Kruijthof was still in 18th place. Niessen, on the other hand, had been at or near the lead from the start, jockeying for position in sprints with the skaters around him, as bicycle racers do. In West Germany two years ago, Niessen set the world record for distance covered in one hour—37 kilometers, 642 meters—breaking Kruijthof's record by 671 meters, but that was on a glassy skating oval. By comparison the ice on the course in Vermont looked as though it had been ploughed.

Because of the deteriorating ice, the



This Elfstedentocht may have had only one town—but it had plenty of skaters.

course on Lake Memphremagog, which originally had been laid out to run more or less directly from Newport to Magog and back, was reset the night before the race. Snowplows and sweepers carved a 100-kilometer serpentine swath through the foot-deep snow at the southern end of the lake, and the skaters were required to complete the course twice. At a halfway checkpoint they were to pause briefly to have their registration cards stamped, a relic of the time when the race was skated on the canals that connected the original 11 towns in Friesland. Customs officials did the stamping in those days. Last Saturday high school girls, fidgety with the weight of their historic responsibility, did the job.

By 9:35 a.m. Niessen had opened up almost half a mile of ice between himself and a pack of nine of Holland's best skaters. With his torso parallel to the ice, his legs pumping rhythmically, his right arm swinging at his side and his bright-red cap leading the way, he looked young, strong and inevitable. "I don't think the old man can do it again," the Dutch driver of a van following alongside the leaders said sadly. He was thinking of Kruitthof, too far back and too old at last.

As the exotic procession passed an ice fisherman's weathered hut, a round, florid face appeared at its small window. Black beards and blond beards were white now. Twin icicles two inches long hung from nostrils, and blood from falls mixed with the ice. A stumble in a rough

patch at the front of the pack repeated itself through the skaters like a ripple on a pond. Off in the sparkling distance, slower skaters glided across the snowfield in smooth, seemingly effortless silence.

Suddenly out of the pack appeared Kruitthof, his thin legs, looking even thinner in their dark-blue tights, set wide apart and moving. In what seemed like no time at all he had fallen in just behind Niessen. Together they reached the halfway checkpoint in three hours, 29 minutes and moved on, stamped but without the cheese sandwiches and hot chocolate that were offered them. At about 120 kilometers Niessen fell and Kruitthof barreled ahead. Niessen caught up in short order, but he fell again, at a hairpin turn where uncleared snow required the racers to run like mincing figure skaters for a few yards. Again Niessen caught up. At 11:45 both straightened and, while skating upright, took food from the pouches slung over their shoulders. Then they were back in their crouches. Now Kruitthof led, with Niessen so close behind that his nose nearly touched Kruitthof's gloved hands, which were clasped at the small of his back. Far behind, the pack had shrunk to invisibility.

At 1:05 p.m., a little over six hours from the start, Kruitthof pulled away from his tiring pursuer. He, too, had fallen a couple of times, but the falls seemed to have taken less out of him. Or maybe, as the veterans say, it was a matter of character. At 1:20, by now all alone, Kruitthof fell. He was back up quickly, but he slowed his pace to 10 mph. The ice was treacherous at this point, crusted and buckled. He staggered and almost fell again but recovered. From a van, Rein Zwart, a race director and an Elfstedentocht veteran himself, shouted to Kruitthof over the roar of the snowmobiles that had joined the leader, "You don't have to look behind you. They are far back. It's better you look at the ice."

By 1:30 the ice had improved some, and Kruitthof picked up his speed to 20 mph. His sharp shoulder blades protruded alternately under his blue suit. His face was unchanged, still gray and frosted, his mouth slightly open, but it showed no sign of stress. With five kilometers to go and victory at hand, he tossed his pack and water jug to his friends in a car alongside, a winner sprucing up for the finish. Small family groups that had walked out onto the lake stood beside the track with dogs and cross-country skis.

They cheered him on, applauding with mittened hands. He skated lightly over a ridge of broken ice that had risen across the track, forcing the fleet of motorized vehicles to go wide. As he made the last turn for the closing 300 yards to the Newport finish, people ran from a shopping-center parking lot through the snow to the edge of the lake. He crossed the line with his hands over his head and



Kruitthof blossomed in the closing kms.

then, as he came to a stop, he was surrounded instantly by a circle, 10 deep, of Dutch reporters and TV cameramen and Vermonters and Quebecois.

At the core of the circle Kruitthof was saying, "It was my best marathon ever. . . . The ice was so bad I was moaning and groaning. . . . I thought my legs were dropping off. . . . I will go on skating until I get my pension." Abruptly he bent forward at the waist, disappearing from the view of all but the closest onlookers. His back was shaking. He was crying. He broke from the circle and skated away, and the crowd let him go.

"You see," said a Dutchman, "always, before, there have been doubts. Some people said that the reason he won so often was because all those years not everyone was there, the 'cracks,' the best skaters. But this year everyone was here, and no more doubts are possible."

"Did you know that he cried?" someone asked.

"I am not surprised," said the Dutchman. "So did I."

6080



After three straight second-place finishes, the Avis of golf has been taking a little time off Rex Caldwell, of No. 2, which is a lot higher than he ever dreamed he'd be, skipped the Hawaiian and San Diego opens the last two weeks, leaving his specialty—the runner-up finish—to lesser mortals.

With his bell-bottoms flying and his Johnny Cash haunts, Caldwell has come out of golf's boomies to almost win nearly every tournament he has been in this year. Along the way he has collected a fistful of dollars, exhibited a faceful of emotions on national TV and probably set a record for consecutive not quites, tough licks and next times.

On Jan. 23 Rex, as in hex, lost a sudden-death playoff to Keith Fergus in the Bob Hope Desert Classic when his first extra-hole tee shot landed under the only tree in the Palm Springs desert. The next week in Phoenix, Caldwell came up short after eight holes of a sudden-death playoff with Bob Gilder. And then three weeks ago, in the Bing Crosby, Caldwell again finished second—tied with Calvin Peete, no dramas in this one—a deuce behind winner Tom Kite.

Being No. 2 is unfamiliar to someone who in eight years and 275 previous PGA Tour tournaments had finished as high as second only once. And even that was with a partner, Chip Beck, in the 1981 World National Team Championship. Caldwell's shortcoming was that his swing was so bad that when it wasn't causing tendinitis in his left hand, it was responsible for his shanks, a terminal illness in golf. "Nobody ever had any respect for my game," says Caldwell. "Not even me. It's amazing when you find out how easy this game is. For me this run has been a fantasy. I love being a celebrity."

For sure, celebs get asked all sorts of questions, such as, Why do you dress in cowboy boots and hats? Caldwell was also queried about his passé polyester bell-bottoms. "I like the way they fit," he said.

"We call him Tush Caldwell," confided his friend Jana Little.



by Barry McDermott

cap," persuaded another student's father to sponsor him on the mini-tour, and he was on his way.

After two years in the scrubs, he joined the PGA circuit in 1975 and was immediately recognized as a garrulous and humorous anomaly in an ocean of golfing stonefaces. "I'm not your stereotypical golf pro," he says. "I say dirt when it's dirt." He also has a penchant for wearing what he calls "my red pimp hat" at tournaments, and he caused apoplexy when he sported frayed jeans as a rookie.

Frayed nerves are what everyone got over the three consecutive weeks of Caldwell's brushes with victory, a journey enlivened by what he calls his "King Kong routine" of celebration. Certain moments linger: At the Hope he came storming from behind, slam-dunking hurdles and all but roaring and beating his chest, to pull ahead of Fergus by a stroke late in the final round. The tournament was his, after all those years carrying a flat wallet. Alas, Caldwell missed a seven-foot putt on the final hole that would have wrapped it up. Now zoom the camera in on Caldwell's face as he watches Fergus line up a birdie putt from 20 feet on the 18th hole. If Fergus misses, which seems

He's having second thoughts

Rex Caldwell has a wealth of reasons for being glad that he's No. 2

"Aaaaaw," said Caldwell. "Why'd you tell 'em that?"

Caldwell, who's 32, is one of pro golf's more unconventional personalities. His father, Tom, was an Air Force supply officer at Vandenberg Air Force Base outside Lompoc, Calif., and Rex played golf at nearby San Fernando Valley State College. After school, he worked for a summer at the Arnold Palmer Golf Academy in Stratton, Vt. It was there that Caldwell, then "a solid four handi-

likely, Caldwell will make his first victory speech.

The TV audience has seen this sort of thing before: usually the prospective winner, someone like Jack Nicklaus, is inset on the screen, looking impassive, as befits a man who has won 69 PGA Tour events and has more than \$4 million to show for his efforts. But Caldwell's countenance was totally different, more like that of a hungry German shepherd. He was rigid with tension, staring hard.

What many of the TV watchers didn't know is that Caldwell is one of the tour's punching bags. His career has been distinguished by an inordinate run of foul luck. Caldwell says that just a few weeks before the Hope he was dead-broke—"down to El dime-o Last"—and saddled with a failing business. If ever a man wanted another man to miss a putt, it was Rex Caldwell.

But Fergus knocked it in, forcing a playoff, and the screen clearly showed Caldwell falling to pieces. In the space of about half a second, his face sagged, his eyes closed, his hand reached for the bridge of his nose, his head quivered. "How could I fake it?" he asks now. "I was destroyed." And his first shot in the playoff finished the job.

This was a guy who had begged, borrowed and even caddied to stay on tour. But he was learning. At Phoenix he holed a 40-foot putt at the 18th to get into a playoff with three others. It would take those eight extra holes for him to lose again, but what will be remembered of this tournament are the whooping gyrations he went through upon sinking that putt at 18. By the time he got to the Crosby, the press was ushering him into the interview room before the big names, and guys like Nicklaus and Jerry Pate were making small talk with him.

And so when he blew a four-footer on the final hole at Pebble Beach, a putt that just might have caused the eventual winner, Tom Kite, enough discomfort to lead to a playoff, Caldwell exhibited disbelief and gestured that the ball had broken up the hill, which is akin to a baseball player looking at the sun after he muffs a fly ball. The tour's hottest player then sidled over to Nicklaus, his playing partner, and said, "That ball broke to the right!"

"It always breaks to the right," answered Nicklaus, which helps explain why he has a private jet and Caldwell drives a 3-year-old van.

That Caldwell has been seen among such heady company is considered close to unbelievable in the locker room. "Rex has been a rabbit so long that his nose twitches when he gets around a salad

bar," says one pro. But Caldwell's \$99,013 in earnings place him—where else?—second on the 1983 money list, and his record of 15 of 18 rounds under par positions him first in scoring average at 68.67. After the Crosby he felt confident enough to go against the accepted wisdom, which says, if the oil well is producing, keep pumping it. Instead he took some time off, in Abilene, Texas, no less, an isolated town at least an hour's flight from anywhere.

This represents quite a change in attitude for a player who used to be king of the shanks, those squiggly shots that can occasionally do a good job of thinning

one was firing a machine gun at them.

Even though he now has won nearly half a million dollars, Caldwell has been close to insolvency more than a few times. In his rookie year he caddied in the pro-am in Charlotte for gas money to get to Philadelphia. There he walked up to F. Eugene Dixon, once the owner of the 76ers and a millionaire many times over, and asked him to sponsor him. Dixon went for it. "By all rights I should be punching keys in a grocery store," Caldwell admits.

Over the years there have been a few ups. In 1979 he shot a 66 on Saturday and led by two at the PGA Championship, but David Graham shot a final-round 65 and beat Ben Crenshaw in a playoff. And in 1980, Caldwell led by four going into the final round of the Buick Open, but gagged his way to a 75 and a tie for fourth. "I had such a big lead I didn't know what to do with it," he recalls.

Now, along with better iron shots, the result of a change in swing, he has developed a new fiscal approach, mostly because he won little money late last season and poured a lot of his meager resources into an unsuccessful enterprise that promoted corporate golf outings. Besides, he and his wife, Marjorie, have split up. And so for his address, says Caldwell, "you can list: in transit. Home is where I put my head on the pillow, usually a cheap motel." He's proud of his scoring record this season, and also that he got by on \$28 a night during the L.A. Open. "I used to think you had to spend money to make money," says Caldwell. "This year I'm going to make a lot of money and I'm going to spend nothing."

Thus last week the tour's second leading money-winner was home (sort of) on the Texas range, in Abilene, visiting Jana. But some things never change. Caldwell says he's at his worst in practice rounds. During his break, he played a few holes with some amateurs at Abilene's Fairway Oaks Golf & Racquet Club and wound up getting buried, one day losing about \$70. "I got to get out of here before these guys get the whole ninety-nine thousand," said Caldwell. "This country club stuff is rough." **END**



With Jana and \$99,013, Caldwell's no longer up a creek.

out the gallery. Once in Philadelphia, on a short par-three, the crowd had closed in around the tee, heads leaning over the gallery ropes. Caldwell shanked and the ball hit a patron in the forehead. The man collapsed to the ground (it turned out he wasn't seriously injured), but what really bothered Caldwell was that his ball had ricocheted out of bounds. He teed up again and heard a sound not unlike a cattle stampede. He looked up. The fans were bailing out, as if some-



Everyone is in the running

As the Kentucky Derby nears, no favorite has emerged from the herd

by William Leggett

Alexis Solis is an 18-year-old apprentice jockey with inordinate talent whose name is virtually unknown outside of South Florida, where through last weekend he was the leading rider at Gulfstream Park. Solis, who arrived in the U.S. in September and speaks no English, may turn out to be the finest Panamanian export since the hat. According to that eminent jockeys' agent Lenny Goodman, who has shepherded the careers of Manuel Ycaza, Braulio Baeza and Steve Cauthen, "Solis is on a par right now with any top jockey I've ever seen." Goodman, mind you, does not handle Solis' book.

In the first major 3-year-old race of 1983, the \$65,550 Hucheson Stakes at Gulfstream two weeks ago, a bulky field of 13 was curving into the stretch, into the final quarter mile of the seven-furlong race. Solis was riding a 9-1 shot, Current Hope, and was gaining on the

leaders when another jockey brought his horse alongside Current Hope, in the process accidentally knocking the whip from Solis' right hand. "Current Hope," Solis said later through an interpreter, "loves to feel the whip." Without it, Solis began slapping the colt with his hands. Then, inside the 70-yard pole, he ripped the orange "silk" cap from his protective helmet, hit Current Hope two or three times with it and beat favorite Highland Park by the most desperate of noses.

Was Solis' brilliant move inside the Rules of Racing? Nobody knows, perhaps because only one person has been found who ever heard of it being done before. Solis himself, who said he'd seen it done in Panama by a rider named Dilso Long. The stewards allowed the finish of the race to stand, but the next day told Solis, "Don't try that one again."

Solis' ride was a perfect way to start the parade toward the 1983 Kentucky Derby on May 7. This 3-year-old year is going to be unlike any in recent times: confusing, charming, bizarre and desper-

ate. The first commandment of racing holds that by mid-February there must be a Derby favorite. Forget it. For all anybody knows, this year's Kentucky Derby winner may at this moment be tied to a hitching post outside a saloon somewhere in the great Southwest.

The day after the Hucheson, Roger Laurin, the trainer of Current Hope, was filling out nomination blanks to the Derby. Naturally, he entered Current Hope, but he added two other horses. "There's a long, long way between now and Kentucky," Laurin said. "If anybody has even a maiden that looks like it has any ability at all, they might just as well nominate and see what happens."

That sentiment is shared by West Coast horsemen. On Feb. 12, before the running at Santa Anita of the seven-furlong, \$81,950 San Vicente Stakes, the first big test for 3-year-olds on the Coast, Jimmy Kilroe, senior vice-president of racing at that track and the West's most knowledgeable judge of horseflesh, was asked what he thought about the current 3-year-olds. Kilroe pondered, then smiled in resignation. "Don't know," he answered, "haven't seen any yet." Bobby Frankel, five times the leading Santa Anita trainer, was asked the same question. "This year's 3-year-olds?" he said.

At the top of the Hutchason stretch, Solis (far left) tried his hand on Current Hope.

"The one thing you can say about them is that they all look exactly alike."

Until the morning of Jan. 30, there had been a solid favorite for the spring classics—Roving Boy. In 1982 he had earned a world record for 2-year-olds, \$800,425, moving from stakes win to stakes win like a squirrel springing from limb to limb. When he returned from a workout on the Santa Anita track to his barn four weeks ago, however, his trainer, Joe Manzi, noticed the colt was limping. X rays that afternoon detected a cannon-bone fracture in Roving Boy's left front leg. Three pins were inserted to stabilize the injury, but it will be at least eight months before the colt can return to competition.

More than anyone, Manzi, 47, mirrors this year's Derby fortunes. Make that misfortunes. Not only did he have Roving Boy in his barn, but he had another good 3-year-old, Pillager. That colt won his first start last August at Del Mar in a \$50,000 claiming race. In late December, in his second start, Pillager won the Los Feliz Stakes at Santa Anita and then he finished first in the San Miguel a few weeks later at the same track. With a record of three for three, including two stakes wins, Pillager looked like a major runner, but he, too, suffered a fractured cannon bone and will not be entered in the spring's big races.

Manzi's sad tale, however, wasn't over. There was yet a third promising 3-year-old in his barn, named Knightly Rapport. Cost: \$5,500. Owners: Manzi and two friends. "I bought the horse as a yearling at Keeneland in the fall of 1981," Manzi says. "It was a morning sale and nobody was there. I liked Knightly Rapport because I had trained his sire, Inverness Drive. When I saw how low the bidding was that day, I knew I could get the horse for a dirt-cheap price. That sale was so bad that somebody told me Kentucky breeders still refer to it as 'Dark Monday.'"

Knightly Rapport finished second to a colt named Naevus in his first race; in his second he was beaten by Sheeky Blue. But starting in late November, Knightly Rapport took off. He won two races in a row, was shipped to Bay Meadows for the Atherton Stakes and won again easily. Six days after having lost Roving Boy, Manzi sent Knightly Rapport back to Bay

Meadows for the El Camino Real Derby, the richest race run thus far for 3-year-olds. The \$5,500 Black Monday bargain brought home \$137,025.

But Manzi's string of injuries persisted. Last Wednesday, Knightly Rapport also suffered a cannon-bone injury. He, too, is now out of the Derby. "I've been wiped out," Manzi said. "I have nothing left for the classics." Yet Manzi's record with Roving Boy, Pillager and Knightly Rapport should be noted. From Aug. 11 through Feb. 5, those three horses ran 14 times and won 12 races and \$1,019,550. Manzi's three colts started in eight stakes during that span and won them all. "Well," he said, "at least I'll have some 4-year-olds next year who weren't burnt out at age 3." Manzi deserved a far, far better fate.

And whatever happened to Naevus and Sheeky Blue? They both showed up in the San Vicente. Naevus, who entered the race undefeated in two starts and was heavily favored, finished a troubled fourth behind 11-1 shot Sheeky Blue. Thus the first major warmup races on the East and the West coasts produced a 9-1 winner and an 11-1 winner, respectively. Usually early-season races are won by favorites, but this isn't a usual season.

Walk through any major backstretch these days and trainers by the dozen will lead you to good-looking, well-bred colts. "This one bucked his shins as a 2-year-old," they invariably say. Or, "I lost a lot of time with him because of bad weather. He may not get to the Derby, but you'll hear a lot about him later on."

The story is quite different when it comes to the 1983 fillies. This year's crop of 3-year-olds abounds with excellent runners. Princess Rooney, Ski Goggle, Fifth Question and Crystal Rail, for instance, have started a total of 16 times without a loss and have a staggering combined victory margin of 109 lengths. That's an average of seven lengths per win. Whether any of these fast fillies will run against colts in the Derby is, of course, a matter of speculation.

The day of the San Vicente also produced another possible 3-year-old colt for Louisville. Silent Fox, owned by Texan E.C.

Johnston Jr., made his first start in a maiden race at Santa Anita. The colt is the great Affirmed's little brother. Laz Barrera trains him, and the resemblance between the two horses is striking. "This colt has ability," Barrera said as he was saddling Silent Fox. "It would be nice if he won today because I think anybody might be able to win this year's Derby the way it looks now."

Silent Fox broke slowly and gradually worked his way along the rail before getting to the lead. But as jockey Laffit Pincay Jr.—the man who never lost in his 10 rides on Affirmed—moved through the stretch, Pat Valenzuela, who was whipping Dance Star furiously, suddenly whipped Pincay's right hand. Unlike Solis, Laffit hung on to his bat and won the race by 1½ lengths over Dance Star in a most impressive maiden voyage.

Frankel was musing the other day about the Kentucky Derby. He has a colt named Northrexford Drive, winner of the \$113,500 California Breeders' Stakes on Jan. 9, that he believes will get him to his first Run for the Roses. "If you were a betting man you'd bet that there will be 20 horses in this year's Derby—all that the law allows," said Frankel. "My horse has won \$74,000 and that should be enough to get him in, but he'll probably have three races before going to Kentucky. I could ship him to run for big pots, but when he gets on a van he's going only one way: to the Derby. It is the race. I think my horse is as good as Gato del Sol was at the same stage last year. I'm excited about this year's Derby. Hell, I wish they'd run it next week."

It would be a mighty funny race if they did. Nobody would have the slightest idea of whom to bet on.

END

Roving Boy was easily the biggest of Manzi's three disappointments.



There are some things, like a mixed drink, that you simply can't get in Ruston, La. But if you were hankering to make a little money and had a notion that the Louisiana Tech women were going to lose, you could get some pretty good odds. "You come here and put down \$10 on us losing tonight," said co-coach Leon Barmore before the No. 1 Lady Techsters' 81-56 thumping of Stephen F.

don't get excited about it. She doesn't give a rip about the pick-and-roll or the down screen, and that's what I get excited about."

Except for a rank competitiveness, the two have nothing in common. "Miss Hogg," as the players call her, will make you a lady; "Coach Barmore" will make you a winner. Hogg provides the style, Barmore, the bite.

by Alexander Wolff

spackling compound. So far this season she has held such stars as Cheryl Miller of USC, La Taunya Pollard of Long Beach State and Medina Dixon of Old Dominion to less than their averages.

The Lady Techsters run an "inside-out" offense, playing a double post with

Technically, still knockouts

Louisiana Tech's women have the punch to win a third consecutive title

Austin State last Friday, "and you could end up a millionaire."

The odds, of course, would have been longer than 25-1, which was Louisiana Tech's won-lost record through Sunday; its only blemish was an early-season loss to Southern Cal, the preseason choice to be No. 1 in women's basketball. Indeed, they'd have been longer than 94-2, which was Tech's record over its last 96 games. The Lady Techsters have won two straight national titles, and this season they're bidding to do what no team has done since Immaculata and Delta State each won three in a row during the salad days of women's basketball. The folks in Ruston could be watching a dynasty in the making.

Certainly they're no longer watching *Dynasty*, which is what the Tech women's basketball program resembled for a while. Barmore had actually run the team for six seasons as the "associate head coach" but had always been given second billing to Sonja Hogg, the head coach. At one point last season he groused publicly (SI, April 5, 1982) about how "I hit the home runs and Sonja gets to circle the bases." But he was awarded titular parity with Hogg over the summer, and now that they're official co-head coaches, all's smooth. Hogg recruits, designs the uniforms, makes the TV appearances and counsels the players. Barmore just coaches. "Normally I wouldn't recommend co-coaches or co-anything," he says. "What if we had co-Presidents? But the way this situation has evolved it's the best for us. Sonja is excellent at recruiting, and I

When a group of women petitioned Louisiana Tech President F. Jay Taylor to start a basketball team in 1974, he drafted Hogg, then a phys ed instructor supervising the pompon girls at Ruston High. "The first day on the job she was in my office asking what to order," recalls Barmore, who was coaching the high school boys' team. "I had a free period every afternoon from one to two, and Sonja would come by all that first year to talk." Despite a measly \$5,000 budget, only four home games and a 5' 9" center, Hogg went 13-9 with a bunch she refused to call the Lady Bulldogs, after the Louisiana Tech men's nickname, "because a lady dog is a bitch."

After three seasons of lunch-hour consultations, Barmore formally joined Hogg's staff. "At first I read all these books on the psychology of women," he says. "But I finally said, enough. I'm just going to be me. With the women, I suppose that out of 10 comments I make I'll want nine to be positive, and the one negative one to really work. With the guys, everything would be negative."

Barmore's system is a meticulous one. "We're so organized," says senior Jennifer White, a regular at guard for four years. "We have certain places to sit on the bench and stand in the huddle. He knows I'll be over his left shoulder." Tech excels on defense, holding opponents to sub-50% shooting from the field in 146 of its last 149 games and fewer than 80 points in 125 consecutive games. The stopper on D is Forward Lori Scott, who sticks to the opposition's top scorer like



The 5' 4" Mulkey is not short on talent.

6' 3" Janice Lawrence and 6' 2" Debra Rodman. White, Scott, Point Guard Kim Mulkey and Forward Pam Gant are allowed to let it fly from the outside only when the 30-second shot clock has run down. Last season the inside game was so efficient that Center Pam Kelly, then a senior, won The Wade Trophy as the nation's outstanding woman player, despite averaging only 23 minutes a game. This season the system may do the same for

Lawrence, who is getting 20.2 points and 9.4 rebounds. "Janice is the best athlete they have," says Andy Russo, Tech's men's coach. "She's lithe and quick and a good jumper."

At 5'4", the pigtailed Mulkey, who hails from Hammond, La., is the Norma Rae of women's basketball. One moment she'll be thanking a local sportswriter for calling her "the Hammond Honey" because the moniker has improved her love life; the next she'll joke about the scar on her back, the result of an uncalled charging foul she took against the U.S.S.R.'s 7-foot Uliana Semenova. This happened in an All-Star Game last summer in which the U.S. dealt the Soviets their first loss in 24 years. Last Wednesday night, as Tech beat Alcorn State 84-50 at the Lady Braves' own "scalping grounds," Mulkey whipped a behind-the-back pass to Scott for a layup, leaving opponents standing around gawking and causing the Alcorn fans to break out in a rash of high fives.

The Lady Techsters' following isn't quite so funky, but it's just as given to passion. While the Techsters were in Southern California last month, paying back (58-56) the Trojan Women for that one loss, an error resulted in TV stations' cutting to *Hee Haw* with 3½ minutes left in the game. In Shreveport and Monroe, stations logged hundreds of irate calls. Now that the men's team, led by Forward Karl Malone, is tied for the Southland Conference lead, it no longer has to fight its way onto the court through a mass exodus after the women's game has ended. But in spite of comparable \$200,000-plus budgets, the two teams play on separate dates the women still draw more fans. A typical Lady Techster crowd might feature Ruston native and L.A. Ram Quarterback Bert Jones or Gulf Oil Chairman James Lee, along with legions of elderly couples and prepubescent girls who wear pigtailed in honor of Mulkey.

Mulkey has a white Corvette with vanity plates reading K04-J0, Lawrence and White each drive Cutlasses. "They're all spoiled," says Hogg, who has a Corvette of her own in which to recruit. "But we demand a lot of them, and they deserve rewards. Before Kim's father bought her that car, he called and asked if I thought it was a good idea. I said if I had a daughter who'd been such an outstanding athlete and student through high school and gotten herself a full scholarship, I couldn't buy her one quick enough."

Hogg knows exactly the type of woman she's trying to develop. A Lady Techster dresses for success. "We always have to look like ladies," says Mulkey. "Sometimes it's a pain, but if you want to be a national champion, you have to look like one." A Lady Techster dives for loose balls—Barnore sees to that—but she doesn't wear knee or elbow pads. "They don't look good," says White.

And if she gets inside position, a Lady Techster's going to keep it. When Kelly was dating Malone last season, he kept hearing she had phoned women she'd seen talking to him, warning them off. Still, the girls have an eye out for ladylike role models. Three years ago four freshman teammates were asked to name a woman who would make a good U.S. President. One of them chose Hogg. The other three picked Anita Bryant.

They do serve orange juice in Ruston, Louisiana.

THE WEEK

(Feb. 14-20)

by ROGER JACKSON

WEST After Nevada-Las Vegas had pounded Utah State 111-78 to clinch the PCAA championship, the selfish crowd of 6,380 at the Las Vegas Convention Center gave the Runnin' Rebels a rousing tribute, chanting "We're Number One. We're Number One." "This is the best I've ever seen the Convention Center," said UNLV Coach Jerry Tarkanian. It was also the last that Turk and the Rebels would see of the arena that has been known for years as Turk's Shark Tank. Next season, UNLV will play in the on-campus, 18,500-seat—take a breath—Thomas and Mack Center for Continuing Education and Special Events.

UNLV limited Utah State, which began the week as the PCAA field-goal percentage leader (51.0%), to 40.3% shooting. Center Sidney Green led the Rebels with 23 points and 21 rebounds, while Wingman Larry Anderson added 22 points. In an earlier 84-81 win over stubborn San Jose State, Green scored 20 points and had 13 rebounds, while Anderson got a game-high 28 points, including five of seven three-point shots. Overall, UNLV connected on nine of 11 three-pointers against the Spartans.

Playing without 7-foot Center Stuart Gray, who's out with strained ligaments in his left knee, UCLA disposed of Stanford and California to run its Pacific-10 record to 11-1. The Cardinal, which hasn't beaten the Bruins in Los Angeles since 1952, fell 99-86 in Dar-

ren Gaye scored 18 points and 6'10" Brad Wright, subbing for the injured Gray, had 15. Bruin Forward Kenny Fields, who partially dislocated his left shoulder two weeks ago, added 14 points and then led the Bruins with 18 points in a 70-60 win over California.

After losing at Boise State 62-59, Montana recovered to beat Idaho State 69-55 behind Derrick Page's 15 points and 10 rebounds. But the Grizzlies stumbled again against visiting Weber State, losing 56-54 and falling into a four-way tie for the Big Sky lead with Idaho, Nevada-Reno and Weber State.

MIDEAST With two seconds to play in Indiana's game with Northwestern in Bloomington's Assembly Hall, Hoosier Coach Bobby Knight left the premises. "I walked off the floor so I wouldn't chase the officials," an angry Knight said afterward. Knight was still livid at the refs from the Hoosiers' 58-57 home loss to Iowa three nights earlier. Late in that game, Knight turned to Big Ten Commissioner Wayne Duke, who was seated on press row, and screamed, "The officiating in this league is terrible. Goddam you!"

Though his comments after the Iowa game were brief and innocuous, Knight exploded following the 74-65 win over Northwestern, ignoring the league's ban on criticism of officials. "We pay them more than any other conference in the country, but they don't understand the game and they don't even know what to look for," he said.

Ironically, Indiana won its game with Northwestern at the free-throw line. Though they failed to score a field goal for the final 6:11, the Hoosiers held on by sinking 16 of 18 free throws in the last 2:17. Randy Wittman, who scored a game- and career-high 33 points against Iowa, had 18 against Northwestern, including six free throws in the last 1:24.

Ohio State closed to within a game of Indiana in the Big Ten, whipping Northwestern 71-55 behind Tony Campbell's 21 points and Iowa 85-69 as Guard Troy Taylor had 22 points, Ron Stokes 19 and Campbell 17.

In perhaps its finest effort in two months, Kentucky sunk Vanderbilt 82-63. Junior Guard Jim Master led the Cats with 22 points, while freshman Kenny Walker was superb off the bench, scoring 16 points and getting 18 rebounds. "We were a great team in December," said Master, "and we're starting to get there again." Kentucky rattled the Commodores with a suffocating man-to-man defense, forcing eight first-half turnovers and limiting them to 19.4% first-half shooting. The Wildcats opened the week with a 73-61 win at Florida.

The day before Tennessee's game with Alabama in Tuscaloosa, Crimson Tide Guard Mike Davis picked up his best friend, Volunteer Forward Dale Ellis, and took him for a spin around the campus. "We went to Ferguson Center [the student union] and shot

continued

pool," Davis said after the Tide's 90-78 win. "He won three of five games from me. I guess we can call it even after this game." Davis marched his friend with 22 points, and Bobby Lee Hurt burned the Vols for 28 points and 13 rebounds. Tennessee returned home to blast Florida 87-53.

Virginia Commonwealth won three games and moved into a first-place tie with Old Dominion in the Sun Belt Conference. The Rams, led by 6' 3" Forward Freddie (Throw-Down) Brown's 19 points, won 68-61 at Jacksonville, then went home to whip Alabama-Birmingham 80-68 and Western Kentucky 60-47.

EAST After North Carolina State upset North Carolina 70-63, N.C. State Coach Jim Valvano, talking with reporters, heard the post-game celebration outside the locker room and excused himself. "I've never seen a celebration after a State game," he said. "I'm going to see what it looks like."

For the first time since 1970, the Tar Heels saw what a three-game losing streak looked like. With State down 56-55 with 5:37 remaining, sophomore Guard Terry Gannon sandwiched a pair of three-point goals around two free throws by Sidney Lowe to give the

SI TOP 20

1. UNLV (24-0)	1 *
2. VIRGINIA (21-3)	5
3. UCLA (19-3)	6
4. INDIANA (20-3)	2
5. ST. JOHN'S (22-3)	3
6. LOUISVILLE (22-3)	7
7. HOUSTON (22-2)	8
8. VILLANOVA (19-4)	9
9. WICHITA STATE (20-3)	12
10. ARKANSAS (22-1)	13
11. KENTUCKY (16-5)	14
12. N. CAROLINA (21-6)	4
13. MISSOURI (20-6)	11
14. MEMPHIS STATE (19-4)	10
15. OHIO STATE (17-6)	—
16. ILLINOIS STATE (18-4)	17
17. GEORGETOWN (17-7)	15
18. TENNESSEE (16-7)	16
19. VA. C'WEALTH (20-5)	—
20. SYRACUSE (18-5)	—

* Last week

Wolfpack a 63-56 lead, paving the way for the festivities. Maryland had earlier handed Carolina a 106-94 setback in College Park, thanks to Adrian Branch's 24 points.

Before his Sunday afternoon duel with Missouri's Steve Stipanovich in the New Jersey Meadowlands, Virginia's Ralph Sampson said, "I'm looking forward to playing him, seeing what four years have done to him. Hopefully, he wants to see what four years have done to me." Though Sampson had 21 points, 16 rebounds and five blocked shots in a 68-53 Cavalier victory before 15,767 at Brendan Byrne Arena, Stipanovich (27 points, 12 rebounds and five blocks) would no doubt like to see more of Sampson. The Cavs warmed up for their nationally televised showdown with a 92-69 thrashing of Georgia Tech in Charlottesville.

Villanova eased into first place in the Big East, holding off host Providence 64-58, thanks to four free throws from Stewart Granger and a pair from John Pinone in the final 1:28, and then beating Connecticut in Hartford 75-68 behind Dwayne McClain's 19 points and eight rebounds. After St. John's, which trails Villanova by a game, was blasted 92-75 by Boston College in New York, Coach Lou Carnesecca was philosophical.

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"You can't play 28 games and always come out with a masterpiece," he mused. But Point Guard Bob Kelly's performance in a 98-78 rout of Connecticut two nights later was almost a perfect. He scored a career-high 20 points, had seven assists and seven steals and brought the crowd at St. John's Alumni Hall to its feet with his first dunk of the year. "I didn't know he was going to do it when he went for it," said Forward David (Skywalker) Russell. "It shocked me." Chris Mullin led the Redmen with 27 points and added 19 more in a 64-52 defeat of DePaul.

After whipping Connecticut 77-60, thanks to 15 points apiece from Patrick Ewing, David Wingate and Michael Jackson, Georgetown became the third Top 20 team in 19 days to lose in Pittsburgh. The Panthers upset the Hoyas 65-63, as Clyde Vaughan, the Big East's top scorer, got 16 of his 22 points in the second half. Syracuse moved into a third-place tie with Boston College in the Big East by nipping Seton Hall 96-68 and B.C. 108-88.

MIDWEST Memphis State had just beaten stubborn North Texas State 80-63 after leading the Mean Green by only three with 15:55 to play, and the Tigers' Keith Lee, who finished with 24

points despite having been held to six in the first half, had one thing on his mind: "I want to get back to Memphis and get ready for Louisville," he said. "If we had messed this up it wouldn't have been a very good warmup for our biggest game of the year."

Memphis may have been warm, but Louisville was red hot. The Cardinals clinched their fifth Metro Conference title in eight years with a 75-66 victory over the Tigers. Led by

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DEREK HARPER The junior guard had 52 points, hitting 22 of 28 from the field (including his last 18) and three of five from the line, to lead Illinois to Big Ten wins over Michigan and Michigan State.

Center Charles Jones, who had a career-high 24 points to go with nine rebounds, the Cardinals' outshot Memphis State 57.5%-40.4%, outrebounded the Tigers 33-25 and made 21 of 22 free throws.

Houston didn't smash visiting Texas by the margin (50 points) the Longhorn football team mused the Cougars last November, but Houston's 106-63 rout was "too easy for us,"

said Houston Forward Benny Anders. The Cougs had a tougher time in Lubbock, beating struggling Texas Tech 84-75. Second-place Arkansas stayed a game in back of Houston in the Southwest Conference race by beating SMU 71-61 in Fayetteville and TCU 64-56 at Fort Worth.

Front-runners Missouri and Oklahoma both split Big Eight Conference games. Mizou got 21 points from Forward Greg Cawcher in a 74-69 victory over Iowa Kansas, but Oklahoma State upset the Tigers 79-73 as Cowboy Forward Charles Williams scored eight points in the final 46 seconds. Oklahoma earned its second one-point victory of the season over Oklahoma State, 64-63, on a 20-foot jumper by David Little with two seconds left. The Sooners then lost 55-53 at Kansas, when freshman Calvin Thompson hit four free throws in the last 54 seconds.

Illinois State snapped its three-game losing streak, beating Indiana State in Terre Haute 79-64. The Rodbirds, however, remained two games behind Wichita State in the Missouri Valley Conference race. The first-place Shockers, who got 31 points from Antonio Carr in an 80-65 victory over Drake, also won at Tulsa for the first time since 1978, edging the Golden Hurricane 84-81.

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These agents hold the secret

The Big Three know best when it comes to making deals for network folk

Over the last several years, a small cadre of shrewd and powerful agents has cornered the market on some of television's most valuable commodities—the announcers, producers and directors of network sports. The disturbing result is that with so few representing so many, these agents must chart a zigzag course through all sorts of potential conflicts of interest. In examining some of the incestuous relationships in this arcane slice of life, it's helpful to keep one point in mind. As Alice knew, things have a way of becoming curiouseer and curiouseer.

of clients, most of them announcers. Finally, Bob Rosen, 47, of New York, represents some announcers, too, but has made a specialty of the lunch-box crowd out in the truck. His clientele includes leading producers and directors at each network. The word is, if you have enough talent, any one of the Big Three can get you a salary commensurate with that of the ninth man on the San Antonio Spurs, minus the agent's 10% cut, of course. But be forewarned: Your agent may also represent people against whom you'll compete for a position or assignment.

Take the 1982 World Series telecasts

that Garagiola and Enberg had clauses in their contracts that guaranteed them important roles in the Series and effectively benched Kubek. One line in Garagiola's deal stated that no announcer could do more innings of play-by-play than he. Another clause reportedly said that the first face seen and voice heard in each telecast had to be—you guessed it—Garagiola's.

Enberg's contract said that he had to have a role commensurate with his position at NBC, for which he happens to be play-by-play man *par excellence*. Before the beginning of the Series, Hookstraten, who is Enberg's agent, Felix Shagin, whose only major sports client is Garagiola, and NBC Sports President Arthur Watson had to work out how many innings each of the announcers would do. Still, the climate was frigid in the booth, with Enberg and Garagiola hardly speaking to each other.

Hold on, there's more. The Hook recently moved Vince Scully from CBS to NBC, where Scully will do all the baseball play-by-play this season, with Garagiola handling the color. Kubek, the odd man out, is now doing his own negotiating with all three networks. His former agent? None other than Joe Garagiola Jr. Whatever happens to Kubek, NBC may already have played musical chairs with agents a little too often, because Hookstraten has worked a line into Scully's contract that says he must do at least nine innings of play-by-play on all NBC games. Moreover, Enberg still wants a role in future World Series.

Can Hookstraten serve the interests of Enberg and Scully equally well? Of course, says Hookstraten: "Each knows I represent the other, and there's only a conflict of interest when there is a failure to disclose." Hookstraten insists that neither broadcaster's assignments will conflict with the other's. But Enberg, when informed of Scully's nine-inning clause, disagreed.

Scully's move to NBC indirectly involved Rosen. Hookstraten advised Scully to leave CBS after Scully had failed to land the play-by-play job for the 1982 Super Bowl. Pat Summerall, the

continued



BOOKED BY THE HOOK

VINCE SCULLY: His losing the '82 Super Bowl at CBS aroused The Hook's ire

DICK ENBERG: His World Series innings were apportioned by special committee

BRYANT GUMBEL: Brokaw, the man he replaced, also was advised by The Hook

MERLIN OLSEN: Ideal Hookstraten client: a free agent who can talk and act

PHYLIS GEORGE: A Miss America title made her perfect bait for The Hook

O.J. SIMPSON: The Hook's newest client is now negotiating with ABC and NBC

With the exception of a few announcers, most notably Howard Cosell, who majors in promoting himself, virtually everybody who's anybody in network sports is handled by one of three high-octane agents. Ed (The Hook) Hookstraten, 49, a Los Angeles lawyer who represented Elvis the last 15 years of The King's life and still has a major share of the Hollywood set, works for glitterati only. Most producers, directors and second-level announcers need not apply. Barry Frank, 50, senior corporate vice-president of Mark McCormack's International Management Group, has a gaggle

on NBC. Observant viewers will recall that Joe Garagiola opened each game with two innings of play-by-play. Dick Enberg then did the next four innings before Garagiola returned for the last 2½ or three. Meanwhile, Tony Kubek served as a traffic cop. Little did anyone realize

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fastest horse in Rosen's stable, got the assignment. Rosen takes credit for Scully's move. "The reason he's now at NBC is that we caused CBS to make the Scully-Summerall Super Bowl decision," he says. "We did it by creating an NBC offer for Summerall. CBS was afraid it might lose him, so it put him on the Super Bowl." Hogward, says CBS Sports President Neil Pilon, who maintains that claiming credit for assignments is "one of the more annoying things that agents do." Nor is Pilon fond of an agent tactic he calls leapfrogging. "They'll make a deal for X," he says. "Then they'll say, 'Well, if you're paying X this, you ought to pay Y more.' That one is irritating."

Rosen, who has headed his own agency for better than 20 years, also represents Dick Stockton and Gary Bender, who do mostly basketball and football and could someday emerge as head-to-head rivals. In addition, he has blue-chip CBS directors Sandy Grossman, Bob Fishman and Frank Chirkinian. No problem, says Rosen: "It's a small business, and if you're not trusted, you're dead." True, but the potential for abuse is always there.

Says NBC Producer Teddy Nathanson, a former client of Rosen's who's now with a lesser-known agent, "Suppose ABC is looking for a producer and the agent has more than one person at NBC. He then has to make up his mind which one to pitch to ABC. Or say ABC is looking for a director and the agent has Sandy [Grossman] at CBS and me at NBC. How does he handle that situation?"

Frank, who has the most name clients among the Big Three, is TV's version of the Army general who puts in his years at the Pentagon and then retires in middle age for a six-figure job in the munitions industry. First a vice-president for sports programming at ABC and then vice-president for sports at CBS, he founded the TV-agency side of IMG in 1978. Frank sells programs on behalf of Trans World International (a division of IMG) to the very networks he negotiates with on behalf of clients. What's to say he wouldn't demand fewer dollars for Johnny-on-the-Mike if his old network friends could find it in their hearts to buy *Battle of the Network Bombs*? No way, claim Frank and TV executives, because the system contains checks and balances and too many careers are at stake.

In 1981 Hookstratten won our Quinella of the Year Award for negotiating Tom



Browku's move off NBC's *Today* show and onto the network's *Nightly News* and Bryant Gumbel out of NBC Sports and onto *Today*. Frank won last year's Quinella by obtaining a lucrative play-

FRANK'S FOLD

AL MICHAELS: His father ran TWI, so he became Frank's second client

BOB COSTAS: Stayed as play-by-play, becoming front half of big Quinella

LEN BEMAN: Became second half of Quinella by landing NFL '82 post

JOHN MADDEN: Frank takes credit for persuading CBS to give him a shot

EARL WEAVER: Now that he's in the booth, Frank coaches him on delivery

AHMAD RASHAD: Frank reportedly had NBC give him a New York flat

by-play contract for NBC's Bob Costas, while Len Beman, another of Frank's clients, eased onto the very NFL '82 show for which Costas reportedly had been chosen. Costas says it was his decision, not Frank's, to pass up NFL '82 for play-by-play.

Frank and Rosen, whose partner is Clarence Cross, a former CBS executive, sometimes wind up in the awkward position of conferring with a client for a client. One of Rosen's people, Mike Weisman, just became executive producer of NBC Sports, a position that puts him in control of all production and announcing assignments. Rosen may eventually have to lobby Weisman for a better football as-

ROSEN'S RETINUE

PAT SUMMERALL: Rosen says an NBC offer led to his Super Bowl job on CBS

MIKE WEISMAN: At NBC, he could control the destiny of other Rosen clients

HARRY COYLE: He's the premier baseball director on television

DICK STOCKTON: He and Bender could end up competing against each other

GARY BENDER: His clippings aren't classy but his assignments always are

SANDY GROSSMAN: Rosen also handles potential Grossman competitors at CBS

ignment for an NBC director who's also a Rosen client

Since agents began blanketing sports TV in the mid-1970s, an informal salary scale has evolved. A front-line announcer like John Madden might make \$300,000 a year, sources say, while more senior luminaries such as Brent Musburger, Summerall and Enberg go for more than \$700,000. Ranking producers and directors like Grossman or Nathanson are said



to earn \$150,000 to \$400,000. All of Co-sell's TV, radio and outside work, sources agree, could bring him more than the \$1.6 million per annum Dan Rather is said to make.

For the agent, 10% of enough \$250,000 paychecks comes to a nice piece of change. But in truth, the hunt may be half the fun. "Ah, the nefarious webs we weave," says one of the Big Three with a chuckle.



Show, Sex And



Suburbs

Earl Foraman (left) and other nonstop MISL promoters hope the three S's will finally make soccer—indoor style—a success in the U.S.

By Frank Deford

CONTINUED

Indoor Soccer

continued

Big-time sport has expanded—exploded—in the last quarter century, but, oddly, in many respects it's more tradition-bound, more Establishment, than ever. Challenges to the power structure have all been thrown back. Not a single new professional league has managed to survive since the Basketball Association of America and the National Basketball League merged to form the NBA 34 years ago. RIP: All American Conference, Continental Baseball League, AFL, ABA, WFL, WHA.

And despite being hectored over and over again for not loving soccer as the rest of the world does, Americans have resisted the game mightily. It has never caught on as a spectator sport. But you know the old saw: Build a better rat-hole and rich men will beat a path to your door to throw money down it. Clubs in the NASL lost \$25 million last year, and they have plenty of company. Remember World Team Tennis? Indoor lacrosse?

Coed professional volleyball? Women's play-for-pay basketball? (The USFL? Who knows?) Is there intelligent life among sports franchise owners? In the last 30 years the only significant new competition to make it in American sports has been the Superstars going over an obstacle course on television. Think about it. Honest to God.

What's more, the same select major events that Grantland Rice and Ted Husing faithfully covered before the war remain preeminent: the Triple Crown horse races, the Indianapolis 500, heavy-weight title fights, the Olympics, the U.S. Open and Masters golf tournament, the World Series, the bowl games, the Wimbledon and U.S. tennis championships. Oh, to be sure, there have been some modifications. There's the Super Bowl now. Horse racing isn't nearly as important as it once was. College basketball came out of the snake pits into well-lit places. Tennis went pro and surpassed golf in popularity. But essentially the traditional sports and traditional events have repelled all boarders. Attack the system and you have no hope of beating it, or even of carving out a new place; at best you can only be co-opted, swallowed up by the Big Sport monster that's already firmly in place. Certainly there's no room any longer for the young sports entrepreneur. Once there were men like Clark Griffith and George Halas, Eddie Gottlieb and Ben Kerner, who carried whole franchises around in their hats. Nobody can do that today. If that's your dream, better make computers your game and Silicon Valley your league. Like Big Business, Big Sport in America has become primarily a matter of mergers and acquisitions. Someday very soon you will wake up to discover that Bill Agee and Mary Cunningham have bought the College Football Association and put it into a holding company along with 3-D movies, Club Med and Wine of the Month.

And yet. And yet. There's this strange



America has been ever vigilant that soccer not settle in among its sports.

thing out there. It's called indoor soccer, and it's played in arenas during the winter, on artificial turf, with six little fellows to a side booting a ball that resembles a ladybug. As with outdoor soccer before it, indoor soccer has experienced a sweeping national rejection, the likes of which we haven't been privileged to witness this side of the John Connally-for-President campaign. In its first four seasons of existence, franchises in the Major Indoor Soccer League have failed in Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Houston, San Francisco, Denver, Cincinnati, Hartford and New Jersey. As recently as December the IRS padlocked the doors of the Phoenix club, then the MISL's esteemed Western Division leader. Indoor soccer games have never once been allowed to sully the screens of ABC, CBS or NBC at the national level. In New York, where the league's flagship franchise, the Arrows, has won the championship every season, America's newspaper of record, the hometown Times, pays the team almost no notice. Across the 'country in Los Angeles, the town that put the "bi" in bi-coastal, the Lasers' owner lets his 26-year-old son run them on a shoestring. Two different men own one team apiece and another together. Doctors, ever eager for tax shelters, are in it as investors, just as once they purchased time-share resort high-rises and indoor tennis centers. The commissioner is the fellow who owned the Spectrum in Philly when its roof blew off. Wichita of all places is a valued franchise. Many teams have those cutesy-poo nicknames without plurals. Confucius say: "Team not have 's' on end, come to bad end." Some clubs welshed on hotel bills last year. Altogether the league has lost perhaps \$21 million since its founding in 1977.

And yet. And yet. . .



For sex appeal, the MISL delivers up normal-sized guys—with teeth.

Terry Leiweke, one of four Leiweke brothers in the MISL—all T. Leiwekes: Tracey, Terry, Tod and Timmy; nothing like it since the Johnsons of Johnson City, Texas were working their way through the L's—pulls out a feeble peccature. "Look at this," he snarls, brandishing a crinkled Polaroid print. It features a bunch of well-built young men in their undergarments in a locker room surrounding a bosomy blonde in a skimpy outfit, who's giving one of the guys a massage. "This is going to be our poster," Terry L. says.

He's the new president of the Arrows. Once Terry L. kicked 13 extra points in a college football game, his being the edu-

cated toe on the day in 1968 when Houston chose to run it up against Tulsa 100-6. That's listed somewhere in the NCAA record book. Now Terry L. and his baby brother, Tod L., are running the Arrows somewhere out there in the Long Island metromess.

And Terry L.'s soft-porn poster is important. It's precisely the sort of original cutting edge that may help the MISL to gain public awareness, then an identity and finally the success that no other new league or new sport has in recent years. Doug Verb, the young new executive vice-president of the Chicago Sting, puts it this way, "I used to say we were three S's: Speed, Scoring and Skill. Now I say

continued

Indoor Soccer

continued

it's four S's, with Sex, too." In fact, Verb is still short on S, as in Suburbs. He'd really be better off throwing his original S's out altogether and making the MISL's big three Show, Sex and Suburbs. Whether or not indoor soccer makes it, the MISL is worth studying as a phenomenon, a laboratory researching those S's for all future sports management.

The Show in the formula is much more than the game. It takes in loud rock music, fireworks, all sorts of lighting effects (heavy on the lasers), introductions that would put even Merv Griffin to shame and carefully orchestrated interaction between the players and the fans. The game part of the show is fast, easy to follow, easy to understand and, usually, no more than two hours long—except when overtime occurs, which is in one

out of six games. About 11 goals a game are scored, which seems just about optimal, providing the right number of emotional peaks and valleys.

The Sex is quite overt on one level. "Hot legs, hot time, hot action—just too hot to handle," goes a radio spot for the Pittsburgh Spirit, whose attendance has increased 10% this year though the team has plummeted in the standings. "The Pittsburgh Spirit. . . We have 20 guys in shorts who can go all night." On another level, the sex is more subtle: Identify with the nice, normal-sized, white boys who could very well live right next door to you in the Suburbs.

The MISL has needed to carve out a specific audience for itself. Indeed, in those cities where it has failed, one constant has been that management tried to beat the traditional sports with traditional sports promotion. Where the league

has succeeded, it has been the first sport consciously to try to market itself as a product, as if it were a soap or a tire. The audience has been carefully targeted, the Show professionally choreographed, the entire image packaged. It's a point of pride in the league office that the greatest success has come precisely in those cities where management has had no prior connection with soccer—or even, as we shall see, but for one notable exception, with sports of any kind. The Leiwakes came from such disparate backgrounds as education, politics, condominiums and television. Bill Kentling, the chief in Wichita, was an executive at Pizza Hut. Mitch Burke, in Baltimore, was pursuing a doctorate in psychology when he answered a classified ad. Verb came up through public relations. In indoor soccer, GM stands for General Marketer.

Essentially, the state of the art of sports promotion has progressed little in the last 30 years. Bill Veeck's ideas may have been revamped, enlarged and improved upon, but even the neo-Veeckian San Diego Chicken and his imitators have only taken the master's midcentury, pre-TV generation schemes so far. The Leiwakes—the Hustle Brothers, as frustrated critics in pro basketball characterize them—and their philosophical comrades in the MISL are introducing to us what a fully integrated sports promotional effort will henceforth resemble.

Tracey L., the president of the Kansas City Comets, is the eldest of the four Leiwakes, the handsomest and slickest of the lot. With what may be described as a punk-deco campaign, the Comets have an average attendance of 14,500, 90% of capacity at the Kemper Arena, while the competition NBA Kings, a .500 club, are drawing 8,710 per game and have quietly gone up for sale. "I couldn't possibly work in the NBA, or for major league baseball, the NHL—any of those old leagues," Tracey L. says, "because everything is written down there. It's all in concrete. Here we're making history."

"What we're trying to do with the Comets is to make them an experience. Everything about the club has to bolster the image. The theme must be constant. You'll hear the same music on our radio commercials, for example, as you hear at the arena. People who dismiss us as simply being creative-marketing guys are

continued



In the Leiwake League—from left, Tod, Tracey, Terry, Tim—sexy photos are hot items.

Ultra Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine; Lights Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

A black and white photograph of a man with a beard and mustache, wearing a dark shirt, playing a trumpet. The trumpet is angled diagonally across the frame, with the bell pointing towards the upper right. The man's face is partially in shadow, and he is looking down towards the instrument.

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Wherever the music is hot,
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only one sensation this refreshing.



Original



Low 'tar'



2 mg.

Indoor Soccer

continued

missing the point. We're setting a whole tone.

"I'll never get involved in running the team, either, because I'm the first to say that I don't have any soccer expertise. But one thing: I won't have anyone playing for the Comets who's not prepared to work in the community for the team. Our players made 500 appearances for us this year. What's the point of having a sophisticated advertising campaign if your main marketing weapons, your players, won't be a part of it? Now, we haven't evolved to the point where money is the sole incentive for our players. I don't know if that's a by-product of success. We'll find out. I do know that if we ever get there, if we come to that point we see in other sports, where the player thinks he's bigger than the club, then I'm gone.

"You see, the old theory in sports always was that you had to sell victory. Now, I'm not naive. Of course, you must attain a certain degree of success on the field. But you can't go into this business depending on victory. You risk disappointing your fans too much that way. The main problem with professional sports today is that they bring us too much reality. That's precisely what we're trying to get away from when we go out to a game. Around here, if there's one thing we're selling more than anything else, it's emotion."

Part of soccer's continuing problem in America is that it has always operated from a belligerent negative, the premise being that Americans should be ashamed of themselves for not cottoning to the game that everybody else in the world adores. Alas, the proposition is upside down, flying in the face of all other evidence, which tells us that in the modern world almost all entertainment tastes—from cowboys to Coca-Cola—have been exported from America, not imported to it. Soccer people might just as well try to force a monarchy on the U.S.

The updated illusion is that we merely need to have the World Cup played in the States in '86 to make converts of the millions of Americans who have studiously avoided paying to see soccer. True to this faith, the NASL, the outdoor

league, is starting Team America, a franchise stocked with citizen-athletes that will play in the NASL, representing Washington (Our Nation's Capital) while practicing as a unit to be the home team for the '86 Cup.

The other thesis soccer believers hang their hats on is that as participation in soccer grows, so must spectator interest. That



MISL teams insist that their players get out there and do a little public relations work.

has been an article of faith. But as Bill Center, an SI correspondent who has been covering soccer for the San Diego *Union* since 1968, notes, "One of the first things said by the owners of the original San Diego Toros was, 'When the kids playing soccer today grow up, soccer in the U.S. will become the Number One spectator sport.' Well, a 10-year-old playing youth soccer in 1968 is now 25." And, as Center says, precious few 25-year-olds care to go to soccer games. Still, if you scratch NASL Commissioner Howard Samuels, he will immediately begin talking about the eight million kids who play soccer today and how well this bodes for the future of soccer ticket sales.

The fact is, of course, that there's precious little correlation between partici-

pant sports and box office. When was the last time bowlers broke the gates down at the Rose Bowl to watch the PBA tour there? It may also be true that outdoor soccer is simply bad theater.

Earl Foreman, the MISL commissioner, is a very sophisticated sports businessman. It is quite possible that no commissioner of any league has ever come to office so well trained for the job. Foreman, 56, has been a practicing Washington lawyer. He's wealthy,

with grown children, and is motivated in his job chiefly by pride, although his contract does give him the right to own an expansion team—in effect, a stock option that would be worth exercising only if he helps the league prosper. In the past, besides his adventure with the open-air version of the Spectrum, Foreman also has been an owner in the NFL (Eagles), the NBA (Bullets), the ABA (Capitals-Squires) and something known as the United Soccer League, which eventually merged with the NASL. Foreman's USL team was the Washington Whips. It was a learning experience. The first four times the Whips played in RFK Stadium, they tied—and three of the four ties were scoreless.

"I have no interest in knocking out-

door soccer," Foreman says, "but I know now—too late—that the mistake made again and again is assuming that soccer is popular everywhere else because it's a good game to watch. Unfortunately, the more sensible assumption is that soccer has a monopoly everywhere else in the world. What's it have to beat in England besides cricket? In France what else is there? Greco-Roman wrestling?"

"No, the main thing soccer enjoys around the world is that it embodies the greatest human emotion. Not sex. Nationalism. Men get out of bed to go to war. I only learned to appreciate that when I noticed at some important soccer matches that the fans were bored for much of the game, but they would pass the time waving flags and singing patriotic songs."

This season the NASL, which has atrophied to 12 franchises (from 24 in 1980) but still managed to lose that \$25 million in 1982, permitted three of its franchises—Chicago, San Diego and Golden Bay—to field teams in the MISL as well. The toothpaste is out, and it's never going back in the tube. Whenever the two leagues achieve some form of consolidation, it will be the NASL that must end up as the subsidiary partner. Already Samuels acknowledges that next year two or three more of his outdoor franchises will want to play indoors, too. Lee Stern, the owner of the Sting, which now plays in both leagues, says, "There's no way pro soccer can survive anymore in this country without indoor soccer." And Bob Bell, Stern's counterpart with the San Diego Sockers, says, "I'm convinced now that indoor will be what makes soccer in the U.S."

There is, however, no way of knowing yet whether indoor soccer can do what hockey failed to do—win national acceptance and network contracts and become America's fourth major professional team sport. But for better or worse, it's becoming clearer all the time that if soccer does succeed as a spectator sport in the U.S., it will be the indoor brand that will thrive.

Indeed, the most intriguing glimpse of what indoor soccer really looks like comes from watching a feature piece that the BBC did last year on the Baltimore Blast. The viewpoint is sometimes a bit smug, sometimes avuncular, but always

continued

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Indoor Soccer

continued

anthropological, rather as if the show were about naked natives from deep in New Guinea using La Machine or blow dryers for the first time.

The British cameras carefully record the Blast's huge, simulated soccer ball, flashing and exploding as it descends from the roof of the Civic Center before each game, while rock music blares and laser lights speckle the full house of wide-eyed Baltimoreans. The ball lands, as it were, and splits open, emitting great clouds of steam, a staple of all indoor soccer introductions. The MISL could no more survive without steam than the U.S. Post Office could without mailage. And then, from inside the great lighted hall, through the murk, come the players, one by one, garbed in neon carter colors, all holding high red roses, which they will toss to lucky girls in the stands. There's a long pause from the BBC announcer. At last he speaks. "Leeds versus Liverpool it is not" is what he says.

If you were paying attention earlier, you will remember that there was one exception noted to the rule about the successful indoor soccer General Mir-keeters being young men who'd never had any experience in sports. The

exception is Ben Kerner, in St. Louis. Kerner first bought into sports shortly after the war, when, for 25 grand, he purchased an NBL franchise in Buffalo called the Bisons. He shifted it to Tri-Cities, then to Milwaukee and finally to St. Louis, where Bob Pettit came aboard. The team won the NBA championship in 1958. Kerner sold it to an Atlanta group 10 years later for \$3.5 million.

Kerner, known as Uncle Bun-ky, speaks in a distinctive, high-pitched whine, from a line of a mouth that stretches clear across his face. The corners of his mouth lift up occasionally for inflection, as if they were yanked by marionette strings. On a game day, wearing a snappy white V-neck sweater, Uncle Bun-ky speaks.

"I'd been hustling for 30-some years, so it was good for me to step out of the rat

race, heh? So I straightened things out, and then I married Jean—you remember Jean, my secretary—but eventually Florida wore us down, just looking at all those palm trees. Now I had a lot of offers during those years, and finally I got another call, from Musal and Garagola and those guys, because they wanted me to look at this indoor soccer team they were going to buy. They said it had lost \$600,000 the first year.



Kerner scooped into the MISL and pulled off a \$37,000 miracle.

"I said, 'How?'"

"They said, 'It's easy.'"

"The scale is different now, heh? I remember Ned Irish, he always wanted a Jewish ballplayer to play for the Knicks in the Garden, and here comes Dolph Schayes out of college. He asked for \$5,500, but Ned wouldn't give it to him because that would have meant the Knicks' payroll going over \$48,000 by a few hundred, and Ned wouldn't do it, you know. So that's how the great Jewish ballplayer Ned always wanted went to Syracuse. The scale is different.

"But there's no miracles in sports. It's just if you got three things—a good team and a good schedule and good management—you put the three together, you got a chance. Now last year we made \$37,000, the first soccer team in this country ever to make any money. So

maybe, heh, if losing a million a year is a way of life in these sports now, then maybe \$37,000 is a miracle, heh? So maybe I performed a miracle.

"Here's another line I use. I said how many home games is it in indoor soccer? What did I know? I'd never seen an outdoor soccer game, much less an indoor, heh. They said 10. Then it was 10 home games. My wife says, good, that means 10 traps to Neiman-Marcus. For 10 outfits,

heh. That's a line.

"Now here in St. Louis you do have a soccer-oriented community. We got a good mix on this team, though you have to work at it. Before I was here long, I got a chance to get Tony Glavin out of Scotland and Manny Schwartz out of Israel. Finally I said, doesn't Peoria have any soccer players?"

"But here, you come see the Steamers [Kerner's team], you can watch kids you saw play in parochial school. Ethnic? It's nothing ethnic. No more, The Italians, the Germans, they're part of America now. It's a night out. We get a lot of blue-collar trade. We're up to 6,000 season tickets, but we always get a lot of walk-up

Last week, for Golden Bay, I sold about 2,600 walk-up. It's an eight-dollar top, but any price ticket, buy 20, we'll give you a dollar off on them all, heh?"

"And you can be part of it. That's important, you know. You can buy a season ticket for as little as \$96, that's \$192 for two. That's the success of football. I saw that when I was in Milwaukee, when Green Bay was there, and you could buy season tickets on the street corner, right out of your pocket, petty cash.

"The only trouble is, no franchise in any sport can survive any longer strictly off box office. You need TV and all the rest. That's hockey's problem. But it matters here that the fans can see that our players aren't spoiled yet. Yet. And we got Earl Foreman as commissioner. Without him, we wouldn't even have a league now, heh. Because Earl's hit the

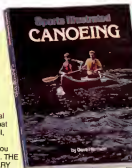
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Indoor Soccer

continued



Americanization in the MISL includes a lot more playing time for guys with pronounceable names.

streets in his time, you know. So if we get TV, we might have something here.

"But don't ask me why it works. They say St. Louis draws. Why? Look, I've lived through three eras in St. Louis alone. First, when I had Pettit, all the kids wanted to be like Pettit. Then, the Blues came in, and everything was hockey, heh. The history is, you get basketball and hockey in one arena, the one is going to knock off the other. And if not, it's no good, because it means they're both just existing and nobody's winning.

"Now indoor soccer. In Kansas City, you got the Comets murdering the Kings. And that's a tough town to promote, K.C. I used to take the Hawks into there for some exhibitions, and I'd be lucky to get three lines in the newspaper, advance. Tough paper, heh? Give you no breaks. But the Comets have gotten on top in K.C. And that's the third era in St. Louis, too. Last year we averaged more per game [17,107 spectators] for the Steamers than any winter team in America, except maybe the one that Gretzky plays for, and that's Canada, so we led

the United States anyway. With soccer.

"So don't ask me. Why does it go here and it doesn't go there? It's like they used to say: Heh, why did you buy that white sweater, Ben, when a lot of places they're giving white sweaters away? I don't know.

"The 20th of October, 1980, the first game of soccer I saw in my life. And some people say: It's not soccer. All right, it's not soccer. Call it something else. So what does it matter what you call it if the people enjoy it, heh? It's better than being out on the street."

Having taken care of business again, Ben Kerner is going to retire once more, on June 1.

Each MISL roster has 20 players, 13 of whom must not be foreign, although that doesn't quite translate into American as apple pie. Included in the 13 can be green-card holders from any country, and what's known in the MISL vernacular as "grandfather Canadians." At one time, Canadians and Americans were lumped together as homebreds, but too many teams stocked up on Canadians, so

that loophole was closed, except that a grandfather clause was instituted for Canadians already in the league. Got it?

As it is, about half the league is genuinely American now, and there's a clear correlation between success at the gate and Americanization. The Arrows have won all four league championships with a heavily foreign roster—although it does include the most famous American soccer star of all, Shep Messing, the goalie from Harvard—and the champions' failure to draw is further proof that a certain box office xenophobia exists in this country. Terry L. states unequivocally that he would rather have the Arrows field a less successful team stocked with "American heroes" than a perennial champion of alphabet unknowns. The Arrows' scoring star, the Yugoslav Steve Zungul, was virtually unknown to the New York public and all but useless as a ticket-selling attraction.

Last month the Arrows got rid of him in a trade with Golden Bay.

The word heard over and over again in the MISL is mix: Once Americans obtain a clear majority of roster spots, the foreign imports become a positive exotic element. That sort of mix is already clearly evident in tennis, in which Americans dominate but enough foreigners compete to enhance the sport's flavor.

In the U.S., the same sort of formula generally applies to the subject of race. White Americans seem to have no trouble accepting black athletes—so long as the mix is right—i.e., whites predominate numerically and heroically—which may in part account for the fact that the NBA is still struggling to make it after all these years. Indoor soccer not only presents itself as a "white sport," but it's selling itself to the white suburbs, where the most disposable income is located, and to white women, who have never before been sought out by a sport. In any marketing analysis, managers would kill for this kind of upscale "positioning."

In the more affluent areas, indoor soccer

continued



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Indoor Soccer

continued



The Harvard-educated Messing is one of the few MISL players with a six-figure salary.

cer is further buttressed by a unique recreational development. Indoor soccer rinks—fields? pitches?—are beginning to spring up, and, not surprisingly, they are appearing mostly in league cities. There may be as many as 100 indoor soccer rinks in the U.S. today, with seven to be found in the St. Louis area alone. Often as not, MISL personnel, players and managers alike, have invested in these "profit centers," which usually are converted indoor tennis facilities or hockey rinks. Indoor tennis was overbuilt a decade ago, and hockey's tiny recreational base has been threatened by rising heating costs.

Thus, if indoor soccer thrives as a spectator sport, it's likely to attract more recreational players to the game and greatly enhance the value of the indoor soccer facilities. This could result in an upward spiral: more American kids playing indoor soccer, more young American players capable of beating out foreigners for spots in the indoor league, a more American game overall, a higher profile for the sport, encouraging more amateur players to take it up, and so on.

While it's true that there's no direct connection between the number of participants who play a sport and the spectator success of that sport, it's nonetheless a fact that Americans won't support games that are alien to their recreational com-

munity. Take hockey as Exhibit A. If indoor soccer becomes an accepted local recreational diversion, it's sure to help the pro game at the gate. Moreover, indoor soccer investors have the potential, never previously realized in sports, to profit at all levels of the game. Nobody before could ever, in effect, buy a whole sport. Major league baseball, for example, makes not a cent from Little League. But an MISL team could break even or lose money, and still justify itself financially, by serving as an advertising vehicle that would help bring fee-paying customers into the recreational rinks affiliated with the franchise.

For now, image is vital to the MISL. At one time—and not so long ago, either—any sport that wanted to prove itself had to hype the fact that its stars made big money. Now, in hard times, in the wake of player strikes and with the general perception that athletes are selfish ingrates, that worm has turned. A handful of MISL players, such as Messing and Zungul, do make more than \$100,000, but generally payrolls are reasonable; there are no astronomical salaries to irritate fans, and the \$2,000-a-month minimum makes indoor players almost human, working stiffs not unlike the fans on the other side of the dashers.

The first thing Terry L. did when he took over the Arrows was to have a large

banner made that says NY ARROWS ♥ LONG ISLAND; the players run around the arena holding it on high after they play. In Baltimore, the classic workman's town, the whole team goes out to mid-field at the end of the third quarter and, when the attendance is announced, cheers the fans for coming. When Johnny Unitas came to a game not long ago, he told Mitch Burke, "You know, what this atmosphere reminds me of is the way it used to be here between the Colts and the fans 15 years ago."

Finally, it certainly helps that the players are not physical freaks—neither 7-footers nor 300-pounders. In fact, because of the compact playing area, mobility is prized, and the players tend to be cute little devils, much smaller than most professional athletes. Only one member of the Wichita Wings stands more than 5' 11"; only two of the Pittsburgh Spirit are that tall. It's also nice that the players have all their teeth and don't hit one another on the head with sticks. Altogether, they qualify nicely as the sex symbols they are made out to be.

Hot is the key word in the league this year—Hot Winter Nights in Kansas City, Hot Legs in Pittsburgh and New York. A tie-in with a cologne manufacturer throughout the league features a "10%" competition, wherein disaffiliated fans are asked to vote for the best-looking players. In New York, the PA announcer constantly advises the women in attendance as to which bar they can visit after the game to meet players.

The MISL athletes don't appear to be the least bit disturbed that they are being exploited as so much meat. In fact, some enjoy the Ken-Dol treatment so much that they coat their legs with baby oil before a game to make them glisten. The females who enjoy indoor soccer tend to be leg women. And there are a lot of them. In most pro sports crowds, the proportion of females rarely rises above one-third and is usually closer to one-fourth, but MISL crowds are around 40% female and can go as high as 50% in places like Kansas City, where the most has been gotten out of the sex angle.

Still, the merchandising of neat little young white men in short pants is not universal. In St. Louis, the city with perhaps the most soccer heritage in the U.S., the Steamers draw more of a blue-collar

crowd, and the front office acknowledges that it would never dare trot out anything like Pittsburgh's Hot Legs poster. Likewise, we can rest assured that Memphis, run by Kyle Rose Jr. and a group of what he describes as "Christian businessmen," will continue to eschew such base appeals to the flesh. Wichita, which fills its small (9,600-seat) arena to 93% capacity with loyal orange-garbed fans, attracts a middle-aged clientele, the average for both men and women spectators being well out of the 18-to-35 range that the league so prizes.

But the league is finding an audience. In five years attendance has doubled, and this season it may well reach 9,000 a game, about 60% of capacity. This compares quite favorably with its mature indoor rivals, the NBA and NHL, which last season averaged 10,593 and 12,751 per game, respectively.

Charlie Eckman, a certain Hall of Famer in basketball—he is the only man to referee the finals of the NCAA tournament and NBA playoffs, and he coached the Fort Wayne Pistons for three seasons—is the radio color announcer for the Blast and one of the league's most enthusiastic supporters. "Indoor soccer'll be the game of the '80s," Eckman says. "Bet your cherries on it, Leader." Cholly calls everyone Leader.

But he does have a suggestion. "They got to count goals as two points," he says. "Except the penalty goals. They'd still be one. It's like football. If it's 28-14, all the yo-yos actually think it was 28-14. But it ain't 28-14. It's 4-2. Right, Leader? Which is important, because you can make it better for gambling if there's more scores to play with. You couldn't have all them 3½s and 4½s in football and make all the yo-yos think that they knew something about the game if they didn't count the touchdowns 6 and the field goals 3. Right, Leader? So if it's a 6-5 indoor soccer game now, it'd be 12-10, only if one of the goals was a penalty shot, it'd be 11-10. See what I mean, Leader?"

At present, there are no odds posted on MISL games, which leaves it at a great disadvantage vis-à-vis the NBA and the NHL, inasmuch as many newspapers now carry a daily line—in effect, a national advance story. Even fans who

don't bet view the existence of a line as the certification of a sport. The MISL can't be bar mitzvahed until it gets its line.

Jimmy the Greek says Commissioner Foreman approached him on the subject, and The Greek replied that he'd be willing to test the waters and put out a line, but it would cost the league \$400 a week for him to pay his assistants to do R & D on what would, in effect, be a new gambling product. "I told Earl, \$400 would just be weekly expenses," Jimmy explains. "I wouldn't even ask for anything yet for The Greek."

Ultimately, for any new sporting venture to enjoy success it must be accepted on two media levels. The first is national. A network television contract is every league's dream, but that fantasy may be overrated, for initially the TV money is minuscule and the product is invariably showcased in weak time slot. A daily betting line might well be a more valuable resource.

On the other hand, in this world of perceptions a TV contract counts *per se*, because, to many people, if something isn't on network TV, then it simply doesn't exist. It gets ratings, therefore it is. An MISL game of the week is aired at

present on the USA Network, but Foreman is hoping that CBS will agree to show one playoff game in May. "No matter how many kids grow up playing soccer in the United States, if they go inside then and see another sport on TV, that's where their identification will always lie," Foreman says. It's no coincidence that indoor soccer suits the TV format. When it was being designed five years ago, it was tailored for the tube.

Equally important to a new league's national acceptance, Foreman says, are two publications: *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and *The New York Times*. Both are important in and of themselves because they are prominent and prestigious and bestow further validity upon any athletic enterprise simply by covering it. But *SI* and *The Times* are also valuable because they serve as mother sources for smaller periodicals, which take their lead from them. In the press, if not in economics, trickle-down obtains.

The MISL drew 2.5 million spectators last year and is now a presence coast to coast in major markets. But even if it drew 25 million fans, it could not claim true national status until it gained regular

continued



Captain Jack really gets the orange juices flowing at the Wichita Wings' games.

Indoor Soccer

continued

attention in all parts of the land. That's the real definition of "major league." For example, a one-week (Dec. 12-18) check of several cities in which the MISL doesn't have franchises revealed the following:

- In Boston, neither the *Globe* nor the *Herald* ran a word about the MISL.
- In Seattle, the *Times* ran the standings (nothing else) twice, but the *Post-Intelligencer* not only didn't mention the MISL, but often printed scores and standings of British soccer.
- In Las Vegas, the *Review-Journal* gave 384 column inches to the NBA, 290 to the NHL, and 22 to the

may be, it seems, outside of MISL cities, scores and coverage of indoor soccer are never given on any local newscasts. It's surely more difficult for something original in sports to gain credibility than it is for new forms in any other part of the entertainment world.

On a secondary media level, local coverage, the MISL has fared rather well in many cities. Generally, in MISL towns the teams have received their warmest reception from radio, the most splintered of the major media. Radio stations even target their audiences much as the MISL tries to do. It is revealing that

ceptance from the New York/national press, the league could never turn that final sharp corner.

As for the MISL, the record is not promising. It has already folded in three of the five largest metropolitan areas—Chicago, Philadelphia, and Detroit—while it has been only a propped-up non-entity in New York and a cut-rate arena loss leader in L.A. "I'm not kidding myself," Foreman says. "We have a bad selling problem in the big cities."

It is the party line at MISL headquarters in Philadelphia that the small-city franchises have succeeded because they just happen to be the ones that have enjoyed the best management. Possibly. But history argues more persuasively that it is much easier to make a mark in relatively small markets, where competition is sparse and boosterism intense. Sports leagues don't seem to be all that different from a lot of show business acts that preceded them, in failing to wow folks in the big time queue the way they did the rubes.

Well, the tale should soon be told, because with new management in New York and Chicago and a powerful sports family in L.A., the MISL is prepared to take on the big-city challenge. The answer must come fairly quickly, too, because, as was not the case in the old days when Ben Kerner roved the land with a franchise in his pocket, much as other peddlers had hawked pots and pans, the stakes are too high now for any protracted fight for survival. If indoor soccer doesn't cut it in the big cities soon—and impress the big shots who live in those big cities and call the shots for the national press and TV—then the MISL will go belly up. It will be just one more carcass for the next new league to crawl over. There are always new leagues, aren't there? It's the American dream, prospects division.

The biggest scores are never run up out on the field. "I'll tell you something," Uncle Bunky says. "Big money doesn't come into anything where big money can't be made, heh. Did you know that?"

END



So far, indoor soccer hasn't been able to weaken the networks to its attractions.

MISL—with 14 of those devoted to stories detailing the travails of the then fading Phoenix franchise.

- In Florida, the *Miami Herald* and *News*, along with the *Fort Lauderdale News*, gave the NBA a total of 334 inches, the NHL 163 and the MISL 10.
- In Dallas, which has an NBA franchise, the MISL received nearly equal treatment with the NHL—in the apgate.

And, as weak as newspaper coverage

the league has gotten the least attention in the largest cities. The fact is, the MISL can win all sorts of media skirmishes against rival NBA and NHL teams in Kansas City and San Diego, Cleveland and St. Louis, but it can never win battles—much less the war—unless it seriously dents the major markets. World Team Tennis probably came closer to making a go of it than is generally recognized, but because it could never gain ac-

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1982 NCAA Championship Basketball Tournament The North Carolina Tar Heels won their first NCAA title after six trips to the Final Four '63-'62

Photo by Marv Minkin

Oh for six. Goose eggs by the half dozen. To win the Tar Heels had to significantly alter their strategy against Georgetown's 7-foot monster-child, Pat Ewing... Eventually, they had to rely on Forward James Worthy (who made 13 of 17 field-goal attempts and had 28 points...) to rush down the floor and jam the ball through the hoop before Ewing, a human PAC-MAN, swallowed them all alive. The first four Carolina baskets weren't hoops at all but goaltending violations by Ewing, who was hurtling about the place as if on a pogo stick. Talk about the Sultan of Swat.

—Curry Kirkpatrick, *SI*—April 5, 1982

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

BACK IN THE SWIM

Sir: Congratulations on bringing back to the cover of your swimsuit issue (Feb. 14) the eternal nymph whose charms defy time, Cheryl Tiegs. The entire portfolio of photographs ("The Fairest Island That Eyes Have Beheld") was presented with taste, style and class, but Tiegs reigns supreme. Let's face it, Cheryl is to modeling what the Yankees have been to baseball, Notre Dame to football and Joe Louis to boxing. There never has been a substitute for the best.

FRANK R. WYNN
Los Alamitos, Calif.

Sir:

Thank you for covering—or, in this case, uncovering—one of the greatest comebacks in sports. Four years without Cheryl Tiegs was just too long.

TOM KLANE
Trumbull, Conn.

Sir:

Well, you people have done it again! Having Cheryl back is like getting a breath of fresh air on a smoggy morning. And where you found Kim Alexis and Paulina Porizkova I don't know, but it couldn't have been on earth. Absolutely heavenly!

TOM SCHNEIDER
Houston

Sir:

Bravo! *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* strikes again. In the middle of a cold winter we readers are delightfully warmed by the appearance of some of the prettiest faces—and bodies—*SI* has ever displayed. In addition to being gorgeous, Cheryl Tiegs is a sophisticated, intelligent woman who adds nothing but class to *SI*'s annual assault on the hearts of men—I've already taken up tree climbing. And Paulina Porizkova and Carol Alt are visions of beauty in a world that can sometimes be anything but beautiful.

PAUL R. FRANKLIN
Plainville, N.Y.

Sir:

I know you usually receive rave reviews of your annual swimsuit edition from those readers who are snowbound in the Northeast and Midwest, but believe me, we Southern Californians look forward to it just as much as our cold-weather friends do. Thanks for another terrific issue.

ROBERT T. KNIGHT
Arcadia, Calif.

Sir:

A perfect "10" for your Jamaica journey
CRAIG WICKS
Ringwood, N.J.

Sir:

Jamaica me very happy.

BOB MITSCH
Riverside, Calif.

Sir:

Christie Brinkley, where are you when we need you?

JIM BRACEY
North Providence, R.I.

Sir:

Don't pay any attention to my son Jim (above). Your more mature readers need someone like Cheryl, an All-American woman. Right on!

LEE BRACEY
Wood-Ridge, N.J.

Sir:

We were appalled when the Feb. 14 issue arrived in the mail this week. How dare you invade our home with that trash? We do not approve of pornography in any form. Our *SI* subscription was purchased for intelligent, informative and enjoyable articles about sports and the talented people involved in them. It seems you forgot what you were all about.

This issue was nothing more than smut. If we had wanted that sort of thing, there are numerous girls magazines we could have purchased. We don't patronize such things; we don't have cable TV and we don't go to R-rated movies, because we choose not to. However, you have taken that choice away by sending us this week's edition of *SI* as part of our subscription. If you plan to continue on this course, we would appreciate being so informed, at which time we will promptly cancel our subscription.

How awful that we can't trust anyone in these times. The magazine was quickly disposed of. We were going to mail it back to you. However, we didn't want it to be available for any further viewing.

THE ART COLLEGE FAMILY
Lenexa, Kans.

Sir:

I'm returning the cover and inside pages of your "swimsuit" feature. I'm disappointed, appalled and downright angered by them. My teen-age daughter was given a gift subscription to *SI* because of her—and our entire family's—interest in sports, not in exploitation. We all agree this was out of place and distasteful and degrades what we thought was a decent magazine. Are you that hard up to sell more issues? Any more of this and we'll find another sports publication.

ALICE M. PRALL
Landing, N.J.

Sir:

I thought *SI* was a sports magazine, not a

girls magazine. We were very disappointed with the Feb. 14 edition. We love and enjoy reading *SI* in our home. Please tell Julie Campbell and Walter Joos Jr. that if they want to attract their readers' attention, they should do more articles on athletes who have kicked drugs or been born again. We read your magazine to learn more about sports, not to see the kind of filth we can see on the newsstand all the time. Our young people need more good things to look up to and less sex to mess up their minds. Believe me, your magazine is tops without it.

CAROL BIRNIN
Tipton, Ind.

Sir:

I thoroughly read and enjoy your magazine each week—except one. Scantly clad women are not "illustrated sports." Your swimsuit issue came out of the mailbox and went straight into the garbage can.

DANIEL J. FORTE
Fairfield, Conn.

Sir:

I realize that your swimsuit issue is a tradition. However, I subscribe to this magazine to encourage our grade school boys to read and become interested in sports. Each year I watch for this issue and remove it from our magazine rack. Our school faculty finds it extremely offensive and considers it inappropriate for our students.

Thus, if you cannot assure us that such pictures will not appear in the future, you may cancel our subscription and refund the money. I hope you will cooperate in our goal of educating moral citizens for a world that is sadly lacking in this essential area.

JANE HENSEN
Christian Librarian
SISTER SARA KOCH, O.P.
Principal
St. Malachy School
Rantoul, Ill.

Sir:

Again this year I firmly object to your swimsuit edition and, in effect, condemn it with the words of St. Paul to the Galatians (6:7-8): "Make no mistake about it, no one makes a fool of God! A man will reap only what he sows. If he sows in the field of the flesh, he will reap a harvest of corruption; but if his seed-ground is the spirit, he will reap everlasting life." These inspired words speak for themselves.

THE REV. PHILODOR H. LEMAY, M.S.
Amherst, Mass.

Sir:

No doubt your latest swimsuit issue will inspire angry tirades and canceled subscriptions

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19TH HOLE continued

from various religious individuals. However, a quite different reaction to viewing such beauty is found in the Babylonian Talmud, in which it is related that Rabbi Shimon ben Gamliel was standing on a step of the Temple in Jerusalem when he saw a particularly beautiful woman. His reaction was to exclaim, "How great are Thy works, O Lord!" (Pesachim 104.24). To that I can only add one word: Amen!

RABBI DANIEL L. PERLICK
Temple Emanuel
Worcester, Mass.

Sir:

Another year, another swimsuit issue! Where are the men models? Come on, I'm dying to see Jim Palmer in a sexy, suggestive swimsuit. I've been reading SI for more than 10 years and I'm sure the percentage of women readers has climbed during that time. Don't we merit at least an insert?

MERLE L. MYERSON
New York City

Sir:

I read with considerable interest in your LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER (Feb. 14) that most of the models featured in the swimsuit issue stay in shape by doing aerobic exercises. I've been taking classes in aerobics for the past three years. Why, oh why don't I look like Cheryl & Co.?

DEBORAH A. KEOUGH
New Martinsville, W. Va.

Sir:

Have you no heart? How could you publish a bathing suit issue just before Valentine's Day? I've had enough. Please cancel my husband's subscription immediately.

DONNA (MRS. ALLAN) HOFFER
Seymour, Ind.

Sir:

My wife [above] just made a trip to the post office. I know why she did it, so please renew my now-cancelled subscription. Thank you.

ALLAN HOFFER
Seymour, Ind.

Sir:

Please reprint your swimsuit issue, this time without the swimsuit section. I just can't pick up my magazine without instinctively turning to those pictures and then forgetting why I picked up the magazine. I'm sure I'm missing some excellent reading.

GERARD CATALANO
Kenmore, N. Y.

Sir:

Thanks for the three finest successive covers I've ever seen on any magazine: "Skins" (Jan. 31), "Skins" (Feb. 7) and "Skins" (Feb. 14).

BRENT LARSON
Reston, Va.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N. Y. 10020.

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